THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"
Magazine Section—Boston Advertiser
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Week of Nov. 2, 1947

Enchanting Romance of King Arthur's Court

Told by John Erskine On Next Page

# Geraint and Enid

Painting by Willy Pogany

# THE AMBUSH OF Geraint

By John Erskine

"YOU are not to ride by my side," said Geraint to Enid, "but quite a distance before me, and happen what may, you are not to speak, not one word."

Hardly had he gone three paces when he cried, "I fight with steel, not with gold!" Therewith he untied a large purse which hung at his belt, and hurled it at his squire.

There was the marble threshold covered with coins and small change, and the squire rubbing his shoulders.

At first they rode fast, then more slowly. But in the late afternoon Enid saw three mounted knights waiting in the shadow of a great rock, all three of them law-breakers.

She heard one say to another, "See this loiterer, with his hang-dog look! Shall we ever have an easier prey? We'll take care of his horse and armor for him—not to mention his lady!"

Then Enid saw that Geraint must be told what they said, though he had commanded silence.

So she turned her horse and faced his angry look. "Three robbers wait by yonder rock to set upon you. I heard them say they will have your life, your horse, your armor, and the woman who rides before you."

In anger he broke out: "Was it silence I asked from you, or a warning of danger? I gave you one command, not to speak. Have it now your own way, whether you wish me to win or lose. See for yourself whether my strength is gone."

So she stood by, frightened, while the three came headlong at him. But Geraint, aiming at the middle one, stuck the long spear right through him. The same with the other two.

Then getting down from his horse, he stripped the armor off them as though he were skinning wolves. The carcasses he left on the ground where they fell, but he bound the three suits of armor on the three horses and tied the bridle reins together. Then he commanded Enid to drive them on before her.

This is the way Tennyson, writing of King Arthur and his knights in "Idylls of the King," describes the first attempt to ambush Geraint.

In the "Mabinogion," Lady Guest gives the more elaborate Welsh version; Geraint is first waylaid by four rascals, and after the fight, Enid must drive four horses, not three.

Then he is set upon by three villains, misled by appearances; they see only a beautiful girl driving four splendid war horses, and protected only by a weary and not-too-dangerous looking knight.

But once more Enid warns her husband, against his orders, and when he slays these three also, she has seven horses to drive.

In his use of the Welsh material Tennyson omits one murderer from the first ambush, thus giving Enid only six horses to drive, and that number only for a brief moment.

Mr. Pogany, in his beautiful painting on the cover, very wisely as I think, does not portray the second ambush, so far as the fight is concerned, as would be too much like the first.

The fact that after the fight Enid is charged with a few horses, more or less, would not count heavily in a picture. So we too omit, as Tennyson did, the extra robber for Geraint to defeat, and the extra horse for Enid.

They proceeded as before, she riding ahead with the plunder of the robber-knights, and he following in a difficult humor. Sheltered by the first dark shadow of the wood, she saw three riders waiting, and one was a giant, far larger than Geraint.

"Look now what's coming! Three good horses, three good suits of armor, and a girl!"

"But there's a knight with her, isn't there?"

"That fellow?" laughed the giant. "I'll wait for him here."

This time, more than before, Enid thought Geraint must have on his hands an enormous fellow in dangerously high spirits.

She turned back and faced her husband again. "May I speak?" she began in a timid voice.

"You seem to be speaking," he said.

"Here are more enemies," said she, "and one is several sizes larger than you."

"Will you kindly stand out of the way with those horses of yours and let me get at him?" Geraint said.

Then Enid stood aside to watch the fight, hoping Geraint would win.

First Geraint stuck his spear into the giant. It broke off, having cracked in the other fight. So the rascal lay in the road with the shaft sticking up out of him. The sight discouraged the other two, but Geraint overtook them, and he still had his sword.

Then dismounting, he selected the best lance and stripped off their armor, and bound it on the horses, and bade Enid ride on in front with her circus troupe loaded down like pack-horses.

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Though Geraint's jealousy was unfounded, the next episode in Mr. Erskine's account of the romance gives him more grounds for suspicion.

***"I Fight With Steel, Not With Gold," Cried Geraint. He Untied a Large Purse Which Hung at His Belt, and Hurled It at His Squire.***

Illustrated by R. F. SCHABELITZ

**Geraint, a knight of King Arthur's Round Table, married the fair Enid in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" and then began unjustly to suspect that she longed for the company of men she had met at court. Piqued and jealous, he set out for an unnamed destination and bade her accompany him.**

For crisp fall days, try this satisfying November

# SUPPER

by Betty Crocker

*Green Split Pea Soup*
*Savory Croutons*
*Cheese Soufflé with Tomato Sauce*
*Celery Pickles Olives*
*Crusty Rolls*
*Layer Cake*
*Coffee*

**GOOD NEWS!** Now it takes only 5 minutes instead of *hours* . . . to make green split pea soup with that simmered-in goodness. Simply add one package labeled "Betty Crocker Split Pea Soup Ingredients" to 3 cups boiling water. Cook rapidly 5 minutes, stirring frequently.

• • •

**SAVORY CROUTONS:** Crisp, golden. Delicious on your bowls of green split pea soup! Their salty piquancy complements its old-fashioned "smokey" flavor. Recipe tested by our General Mills foods staff.

Melt in skillet
2 tbsp. butter
Add
¼ tsp. onion salt
¼ tsp. celery salt
Stir in
2 cups toasted ½-in. bread cubes
until all sides are coated with butter.

• • •

**MEN'S FAVORITE:** *In restaurants, have you noticed how men go for split pea soup? They order it time and again! Why not serve split pea soup more often at home? So easy to make with our new soup product. Thrifty, too. 4 to 6 servings from a package.*

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**STEAMING BIG BOWLS** of our split pea soup "hit the spot" on crisp, cold days. You'll be delighted with its pleasing texture . . . its old-time hickory-smoked flavor. Only choice split green peas are used. Precooked . . . and seasoned to perfection. Do try this tempting soup *soon*.

• • •

*Prize-winners in our recent Diamond Ring Contest have been notified. For complete list of winners, with addresses, send stamped self-addressed envelope to General Mills, Dept. 390, Minneapolis 2, Minn.*

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I come from good old Boston,
The home of the bean and the cod,
Where the Cabots speak only to the Lowells,
And the Lowells speak only to God.*

# Putnam family's WAYWARD GUS

## By Paul I. Murphy

THE family reputation expressed in that old jingle never hampered the late Augustus Lowell Putnam. Harvard graduate, Back Bay Bostonian, ex-banker, manufacturer of wood and leather novelties, millionaire yachtsman and wife-swapper — he spoke to anybody.

Nothing he said or did in all his unconventional life, however, was ever quite so painful to his proper relatives as the recently-disclosed terms of his will.

**Promptly contested by his widow, Lucy Bowditch Balch Twitchell Putnam, that surprising document left the bulk of his fortune to Irena Popielska-Wagner, a Polish actress in whose apartment he suffered a fatal attack of coronary thrombosis last July at the age of 48.**

Like his famous aunt, cigar-smoking Amy Lowell, the eccentric free-verse poetess, Gus Putnam took pride in being unorthodox.

He took delight, too, in shocking his Brahmin relatives, who belong to one of the oldest and richest families in Massachusetts.

His ancestors included James Russell Lowell, the poet; Abbott Lawrence, once minister to the Court of St. James, and his famous uncle, A. Lawrence Lowell, the 26th president of Harvard.

His brother, Roger, was for years mayor of Springfield, Mass.

While Amy attracted attention at the turn of the century puffing big black cigars and reciting her rhymeless poems, Gus was just as astonishing in a romantic way.

Four women played important roles in his life. The first was his Aunt Amy. Then came his first wife, Anne Lockwood Lackey, a Washington, D. C., socialite. They married in 1924, four years after he received his A.B. from Harvard. The marriage lasted 13 years.

His second wife was Mrs. Lucy Bowditch Balch Twitchell, whom he won from his friend, Roger Thayer Twitchell, in exchange for Anne. Finally, there was Irena, the actress.

Of them all, Gus told his friends, the one who influenced him the most was his doting Aunt Amy.

She was his mother's sister and Gus was her favorite nephew.

When she died in 1925 at the age of 51, she willed him her priceless art collection.

"Gus," she once told him, "to get the most out of life, you've got to be at least 50 years ahead of the world. What people think is unorthodox today in many instances will be common practice five decades hence. I learned that to be happy we must have minds of our own."

Amy practiced what she preached. She was a frequent figure at Brookline town meetings, berating the town fathers from the platform by reciting her pointed free-verse poems. Her usual complaint was that her community was lagging far behind the times. Ridiculed with boos and jeers, she fled from the hall on several occasions and took refuge in her mansion, guarded by her pack of sheep dogs.

Aunt Amy presented to Gus an autographed copy of some of her verse on the eve of his wedding in March, 1924, to Anne Lackey. Anne was a prim Washington, D. C., exdeb, with hair pulled tight at the back of her head. They had four children.

After Putnam became trustee of the fashionable Browne and Nichols School in Cambridge, Mass., they met Roger and Lucy Twitchell. Roger was headmaster of the school and both families were members of Boston's leading clubs.

The four became inseparable and it was soon obvious that Putnam was attracted by pretty Lucy Twitchell. Perhaps Amy's early advice about being unorthodox first gave him the idea of suggesting a wife-swap.

One night he discussed it with Twitchell. "I love Lucy," Putnam confessed. "We want to be married."

"Anne and I are in love as well," Twitchell replied.

Both couples got their divorces in the summer of 1937. The swap marriages occurred within days of each other the following summer.

Meanwhile, the friendship between Putnam and Twitchell became strained. Shortly after the divorces, School Trustee Putnam accepted the resignation of Headmaster Twitchell.

This wasn't the first time Gus had distressed his family. While married to his first wife, he quit banking and his post as personnel relations director at Harvard to go into the leather and wood novelty business.

Under the firm name of Fellowcrafters, Inc., Putnam put out handicrafts for shut-ins and hospital patients. His family considered such an occupation trivial. But in 10 years Gus mushroomed his idea into a millionaire-dollar-a-year proposition.

It was only a year and a half ago when he met Irena in New York. Irena is a 36-year-old Polish girl who escaped the Nazis and was seeking a career on Broadway. Her husband died in one of Hitler's concentration camps.

Gus frequently visited Irena in her East 59th street apartment. It was reported that he planned to marry her.

But the marriage never came off. He was removed from her apartment to Lexington Hospital, suffering from coronary thrombosis, complicated by pneumonia, according to physicians. He died shortly after arrival.

Putnam left the actress all his "tangibles," and a $40,000 life insurance policy.

The tangibles consist of a yacht of the international class, an expensive automobile, a large New York bank account, his silverware and linen and his interest in Fellowcrafters, Inc., of which he owned 90 per cent and which grossed more than $1,000,000 in 1946. Only another policy for $100,000 and shares in the residue of his estate went to his widow and children.

As soon as the will was read Mrs. Putnam said she'd contest.

Hearing this, Irena announced that she was going to go ahead and battle for her rights.

"It's no secret that Gus wanted to marry me," she said. "Only I know the truth. This is a great and tragic thing. Yet it is sad and beautiful."

Irena's lawyer said:

"Putnam and his wife had a signed separation agreement. He and Irena were going to be married. Putnam had been paying his wife $1,000 a month under the agreement.

"As for Irena, she is heartbroken over the death. She is under a great nervous strain. But she is entitled to her rights, and we will fight to see that she wins them."

Nevertheless, Lucy and Gus' brother Roger won a petition to serve as special administrators of the will.

As this is written, both sides were preparing for the contest, but there were rumors that it might be settled out of court.

*Irena Popielska-Wagner, the Polish Actress, Insists, "It's No Secret That Gus Wanted to Marry Me. Only I Know the Truth. This Is a Great and Tragic Thing."*

*Ascribed in H. L. Mencken's Dictionary of Quotations to Samuel C. Bushnell, around 1890.

# 'I MARRIED MY WIFE'

By George C. Foster

(Author of "One Sunday Morning.")

**Well-Known British Author and Traveler, Who Sometimes Uses the Pen Name "Seaforth," Added Another Achievement to His Record Recently When He Remarried His Divorced Wife, Phyllis**

PHYLLIS and I were married for the first time in the old Church of St. Ethelburga the Virgin, in the City of London, one of the oldest churches there.

It is so old that no one quite knows when it was erected, but Henry Hudson and his crew took communion there before sailing for America, and it has survived both the Great Fire of 1666, and the air raids in the recent war. We chose it for our first wedding 19 years ago.

It was, perhaps, about 11 years ago, that things began to go wrong between us—or seemed to.

There were some differences of belief, which loomed greater at that time than they really were; a certain amount of third-party advice on how to deal with each other, most of it well meant and nearly all of it disastrous.

Finally we parted in the spring of 1937; it appeared to be the only possible action to take then if the lives of both of us were to be tranquil.

It was effected with great regret. I was fond of my wife, and remained so, and she has since told me that there were qualities in me which she has always esteemed.

We have one son, who was aged six when we left each other. There was no formal divorce pending then, though the possibility of one was under consideration. The boy was to stay for the greater part of his time with my wife, which was right and proper for a child of his age.

Some time later on we entered into a formal deed of separation. This document looked as though it gave permanency to our parting. I thought it was inevitably the prelude to a divorce, and I made up my mind to that effect. I settled down, in a lonely fashion, to write my books.

Then the war came in 1939, and I, as an officer on the Reserve—for I had been a young soldier in the war of 1914-1918—was called up.

In due course, in the spring of 1941—I was sent out to the Middle East, and found myself a Press Conducting Officer in the Western Desert. My work was to take over correspondents to see the war "as near as consistent with safety."

Out there I often felt a great sense of separation. The desert is a lonely place; and the Mediterranean route being temporarily cut, the 12,000-mile line of communication from England made it seem very far away from home, indeed. In addition to that there was separation in spirit, in that there was no home waiting for me.

I had brought photographs of my wife and son with me, and I looked at them many a time when I was alone, and sometimes cherished a faint hope that we might come together again.

Eventually I was injured and invalided down to South Africa into the military hospital at Baragwanath. I was told that I should be sent home unfit for further active service.

All this time, before the war in England, in Cairo and Alexandria on leave and then in South Africa, I had sought, as lonely men will, the company of women. I met many charming and attractive ones, whose company I enjoyed. I took them out and entertained them, but always there was a latent thought of my wife.

There were no false pretenses about these occasions; none of my companions was left in the belief that I was a bachelor. Yet I was still considering that a divorce would have to come.

In 1943 I returned to England, and again saw my son. My wife I had now not seen for over five years. During the "blitz" on London, she had acted as an air raid warden, but when my son's "prep" school was evacuated to Cornwall, she went down there to be near him.

They were still in Cornwall when I came back. I continued to see the boy occasionally, and then they moved. I did not know to what place, but I knew that arrangements could and would be made for me to meet my son when such meetings were due and convenient.

In the early days of January, 1944, I was suddenly posted to a garrison town in the South of England. On learning the place to which I was going I wrote to my son in care of an address I had been given in London, telling him where I was. A few days later in my new station I was rung up on the telephone. I lifted the receiver, a girl's voice spoke. It was that of my wife! She asked me to come down and see her in the town, and I invited her to lunch in a local hotel.

I greeted my wife when I saw her in the hotel lounge, with some shyness, but with the manner of a man towards any woman with whom he is friendly. She looked just the same to me as she had always been. We sat down to lunch and I learned that she was now on war work in the same town as that to which I had been sent!

At the end of the meal she asked me if I would now agree to a divorce as there seemed no point in remaining married and parted. Approached like this I said immediately that I should.

I learned afterwards that she had telephoned with some misgivings, several people having strongly advised her against meeting me, and saying that I should certainly be disagreeable.

The divorce went through early in 1945.

I felt as though I had definitely lost something fine in life, and later next year, when I learned that my former wife intended to leave England for good, I experienced a great sense of desolation.

I rang her up and asked her to come out to dinner with me before she went, and she accepted.

We met constantly after that, and one night I proposed to her again, and once more she promised to become my wife. She said that she would now cancel her passage. But I said no.

I said that I was still in the Army, and would not be demobilized until next year; and that this was a fine chance for her to make quite certain that she did want to marry me again.

So she went overseas, but now only for a visit, and then returned, and we were married again in April of this year, 1947, for the second time, 10 years after we parted.

All the time, even in the hardest and most desolate moments of our separation, I think we both felt that there was something in each of us which appealed to the other.

There is something in real love, which will weather many storms. Even as I write, another case, similar to our own, has been revealed.

Far away, in Long Beach, California, a marriage had been mended after 27 years.

There a man, a Frank L. Rector, is going to remarry his former wife, Nellie, who divorced him all that time ago. They are probably husband and wife again now as I write.

That first wedding took place in 1897...50 years ago...and after the divorce, the man married again. Now, after all these years, he and his first wife come together.

*Often on the Lonely Starlit Desert Foster Was Haunted by the Spirit of His Wife and Son. He Had Reluctantly Agreed to a Divorce. Then the War Ended and They Both Knew They Loved Each Other More Than Ever.*

Illustrated by A. S. PACKER

# Heartbreaks

*As He Reclined in His Hedged-in Garden, Francis Grace Saw Frieda Weltz Approach Him—Death Was in Her Eyes, and in the Weapon She Pulled From Her Purse.*

FRANCIS JOSEPH MORGAN GRACE was at peace with the world—his world.

From the garden of his rambling summer estate on Beach Hill he could hear the squealing laughter of late vacationers as they plunged into the Pacific on the Santa Cruz public beach. Tomorrow, they'd be going back to their jobs in San Francisco, 75 miles to the north.

Tomorrow he, Frank Grace, would be sunning himself again in the privacy of his hedged-in back lawn, recovering his health and counting his blessings.

Money? He had more than he could spend, thanks to his uncle, W. R. Grace, who helped found a dozen companies dealing in products around the globe.

Position in life? The name of Grace was one to command respect in San Francisco society. Furthermore, his marriage to beautiful Theodosia Cook, daughter of one of San Francisco's finest and wealthiest families, had enhanced that position greatly.

HEALTH? Well, he hadn't been taking the best care of himself since his retirement 15 years earlier. But he was feeling better now. Maybe the change in nurses had something to do with it. That Frieda What's-her-name he'd had last year was kind of old and demanding. Miss Helen Roberts, at his elbow constantly, was young and pretty and they laughed together.

After all, he wasn't so old—57, but he assured one and all he didn't feel it.

Francis J. M. Grace sighed luxuriously, and closed his eyes.

He opened them minutes later to see the shadow of Death before him.

He forgot his semi-invalidism. He forgot he was supposed to be confined to his wheelchair.

He got up and started, walking jerkily, for the shelter of the big house.

The shadow of Death followed him to the back door, where it caught up with him.

There was the sharp crack of a miniature explosion. Francis Grace felt a ripping sensation in his right side, took his last step, and fell dead in the rear hall.

Frieda Wilhelmina Augusta Weltz, 43, a nurse in World War I, stood motionless as a statue while the butler took the .32 caliber pistol from her hand.

Then, staring straight ahead, she sat down on the porch and calmly waited for the police to arrive.

Illustrated by WATSON LITTLE

Frieda Weltz shot and killed Francis Grace on Sept. 9, 1933, and for two months thereafter, one question kept popping up over the bridge tables in Burlingame and San Mateo, at cocktail parties in San Francisco's fashionable hotels:

"Why did she do it? What happened between them?"

Frieda Weltz let the question go unanswered until she went to trial.

When she was arrested a few minutes after the shooting, she made one statement, without a sign of emotion.

"I'M GLAD I did it," she told the police.

She was 43 by her own admission, and attractive, with her red hair and trim figure and a fascinating smile. But it was difficult to imagine a romance between her and the diminutive Grace,

# Of Society

# THE NURSE'S REVENGE

who spent half his time in his wheelchair.

Frieda Weltz went to jail without bail, to await trial for first degree murder.

She did not retain an attorney, but an attorney retained her. John Duggan flew out from her home town, Connellsville, Pa., and said he would be proud to represent her.

"She saved the life of my son," he said. "Shortly after his birth the doctors despaired, but she didn't. We'll have a defense."

Meantime, police of Santa Cruz and San Francisco learned that Francis Grace had lived in the valley of fear for eight months before his death. Box hedges were supposed to have insured his safety in the garden of his Beach Hill summer home; the front of the house was burglar proof.

In San Francisco he maintained a luxurious suite of ten rooms atop the Alexander Hamilton hotel. At one time, the suite had been the late afternoon gathering spot for San Francisco society, but Grace had suddenly decided to make it a hermitage.

A private elevator was installed. Duplicate keys were destroyed and only one set retained, the set that Grace kept on his person at all times. But death had overtaken him anyway.

When the case went to trial the first week in November, fashionable San Francisco formed a pilgrimage to the Santa Cruz courthouse, where standing room was at a premium.

Frieda Weltz took the stand as her own star witness. Two months in jail had left her pale and haggard. She talked in a throaty monotone.

As a registered nurse she was working in a San Francisco hospital when she met Francis J. M. Grace the previous year, 1932. She became his private nurse after the first interview.

The morning of June 9, 1932, he decided he had been drinking too much and it was time to "taper off."

Nurse and patient went to his commodious cabin up in the Santa Clara mountains.

That night, before dinner, he opened a bottle of wine and they drank to his recovery.

"It must have had a drug in it," the nurse said. "Because I lost consciousness. When I came to the next morning I knew something had happened to me and I asked him what he had done. He admitted having taken advantage of me."

Weeks passed and Frieda Weltz made a discovery that was quite serious for a woman of 43.

"I told Mr. Grace about it and he was frantic. He said it would ruin him socially, that I must do something. I did. I took drugs which ruined my health but had the desired effect. Mr. Grace's social position was secure."

After that, the witness went on, his attitude towards her changed abruptly. She could do nothing to please him.

Finally, he dismissed her.

"I could not bring myself to go home to my family in Connellsville. In my nervous condition I was sure my sin showed in my eyes."

She wanted rest and medical treatment, the witness explained, but she had no money. One day she met Grace on the street in San Francisco and asked for help.

"He sent me a check. I tore it up and mailed the pieces to him." She never explained why she spurned the help after having asked for it.

Then came the long period of brooding and, finally, action.

"I decided to seek him out and, if he still refused to help me, to kill myself at his feet. I got a gun and went to see him at his suite in the Alexander Hamilton hotel."

But somebody intercepted her before she could reach the penthouse and took the gun away.

Came summer, and Francis Grace moved from the hotel to the Beach Hills estate. Frieda Weltz watched him move.

That week end, and every week end thereafter, she drove down from San Francisco and rented a room high up in a hotel overlooking the Grace garden. From her room she observed his every movement.

"If I had wanted to kill him," the nurse continued, "I could have done it on several occasions when I saw him leave the house—alone.

"But I wanted to confront him when he was sober. When he would be mentally capable of knowing what I was doing. And why I was doing it. He was always drunk when I saw him leave the house."

All the afternoon of Sept. 9, she watched him in the garden and decided he was sober.

She put the .32 in her handbag, left her hotel room, and entered the Grace garden through a concealed gap in the hedge. Grace saw her, she said, and came to the hedge to suggest that she go away and he would see her later.

Frieda Weltz paced back and forth along the hedge for some ten minutes. Then she approached Grace, taking the revolver out of her handbag as she walked.

That was when Grace opened his eyes in horror and, forgetting his condition, started hobbling towards the house.

"I did not aim at him," the nurse concluded. "It was in my mind to kill myself, where he could see me do it. What happened after I drew out the gun I do not know."

Cross-examination didn't shake her calm. Her story remained intact.

Ten hours after the jurors had been instructed, they returned the verdict:

"Not guilty!"

Frieda Weltz collapsed in the arms of her sister, Meta, then took the first train to Connellsville, Pa. San Francisco society went back to its bridge tables and its hors d'ouvres tables, to start a debate that would last all winter long.

Did Frieda Weltz tell the whole story? Only two people had the answer. One was dead. The other, her lips sealed, went into retirement, far from the setting of the fantastic drama, Society and The Nurse.

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Next week, Tragic Errors of the Southern Beauty.

# "Be Lovelier Tonight!"

## "My Beauty Facials bring quick new Loveliness," says this famous star

"You'll be delighted with the way Lux Soap facials leave skin softer, smoother," says lovely Evelyn Keyes speaking to you at her dressing table.

"Here's all you do," she tells you. "Smooth the fragrant Active lather well in. Rinse with warm water, then cold. As you pat gently with a soft towel to dry, skin takes on fresh new beauty!"

Don't let neglect cheat you of Romance. Take Hollywood's tip. The gentle beauty care Evelyn Keyes recommends will make *you* lovelier tonight!

**In recent tests** of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, actually three out of four complexions improved in a short time.

**9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap—**

*Lux Girls are Lovelier!*

Another fine LEVER product

# Countess OF Hades

By Harry Gray

A PERT red-haired girl of 19 approached the desk of a fashionable Baltimore hotel. She was poised, smiling. She registered:

"Countess Lansfeld, Baroness Rosenthal, of Bavaria."

"A suite, please," she said with a Teutonic accent. "But I must ask for privacy. I do not wish publicity."

Editha Salomen, Kentucky-born daughter of a German political refugee carnival faker, known as "Professor" Salomen, thus began a career of swindling, faking and duplicity that astounded America and England for 30 years. Her take was estimated at $2,000,000.

A sedate English prosecutor charged she "rode with the devil."

Editha had tired of assisting her father, so she stole his week's take of $300 and fled in the night.

In Baltimore she bought two trunks and had them stenciled with a Bavarian coat-of-arms. The press soon sought her.

One interviewer, swayed by her red-haired allure, wrote of her as that "delicious youthful breath of old-world feminine charm."

Editha's fanfare attracted society hostesses. The wife of a wealthy manufacturer wrote, "Wouldn't the Countess take over, as her guest, one wing of her home?" The Countess would and did.

Editha had what the young male elite wanted—charm, coquetry, a title, and she reluctantly let them know of her estates abroad. For escorts she chose only the wealthiest. Simultaneously she secretly became engaged to five. One fiance related:

"She told me she was the daughter of Lola Montez, famous European actress, and the King of Bavaria. Against her desire, she would have to delay our wedding until her estates could be untangled. There was a large fortune due her, and she was compelled to pay for legal proceedings from meagre finances."

What more natural than for the fiances to make voluntary offers of aid? From one she received $8,000, from another $15,000 and from another $25,000. She spent recklessly.

Her repeated answer of "not yet" to one impatient fiance made him suspicious. He began an inquiry. The other fiances heard of it and the three compared notes. Editha was arrested. Feigning insanity, she was taken to a hospital.

Her physician, Dr. H. L. Messant, of high professional standing, brought about her release as cured. The grateful girl married him. Within a year he died, leaving Editha a small inheritance.

Editha was ready for New York. Through her late husband's connections she was welcomed by the city's fashionable world, and she brought to it the charlatanry learned in the carnival. It became the fad to be "character read" by Mrs. Messant.

***Ann's Scheme Was Worthy of a Devil's Consort —It Cost Her Elderly Client $35,000 to Get a Painting From the Departed Raphael.***

She looked for a rich husband and chose General Diss Debar, a retired British soldier. There was a fashionable church wedding for which Editha became Ann O'Delia Diss Debar, the name she later made notorious as the "Countess of Hades."

Both were disillusioned. The General, too, had been putting up a show to make a wealthy marriage. There was nothing for Ann O'Delia to do but to return to her "readings."

Among her guests was an aged retired lawyer, Luther R. Marsh. He had been a lonely widower for ten years. He gratefully accepted a message from his dead wife. For robbing him Ann devised a scheme worthy of a devil's consort.

"I am in spirit communication with the dead painter Raphael," she told Marsh. "As a reward for your faithfulness to the spirit world, Raphael has offered to paint some pictures for you. You will be able to sell them for thousands."

Raphael "communicated" through written messages appearing on blank paper which she held to her forehead. He said it was necessary to put in a black cabinet $35,000 in a black bag and also a canvas for the picture. The cabinet was to be kept locked and only Ann was to have a key.

When the cabinet was opened, the $35,000 was gone and there, fresh and wet, was a painting. Marsh believed he had a masterpiece.

Illustrated by TONY VARADY

Ann got in touch with other artists in the spirit world and they executed, for fees, more pictures. Ann's painter confederate was never found.

Marsh owned a residence on Madison Avenue valued at $200,000. Ann summoned the spirit of Marsh's dead daughter, who commanded: "You must assign the Madison Avenue home to our dear friend Ann."

Marsh had the deed drawn up. This required communication with relatives, who had Ann arrested. Her trial was famous, particularly for the courtroom expose of her spirit trickery by Carl Herz, a famous magician. She received a six-month sentence.

When Ann came out, General Diss Debar was dead. She married Kenneth Jackson, a vaudevillian, and the pair went to London. There they launched a pseudo-religion called Theocratic Unity. Ann was known as "Swami" and her husband as "Theo."

Ann was again in the big money. But not for long. Part of her teachings exalted improper practices and complaints were made that young girls were decoyed to the headquarters. It was this phase of her work which brought from Prosecutor Lord Carson in Old Bailey the charge that she rode with the devil.

Ann was convicted in 1901 and sentenced to seven years in prison. She was 51 years old. Theo got 10.

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Watch future issues of The American Weekly for other stories about celebrated swindlers.

# LOOK *before you* LEAP

*It's a Good Idea, Says Raven Malone, Who Learned That the Wealth of Her Peruvian Millionaire Consisted of a Used Car Lot, a Wife and a Child.*

By Warren Hall

GLIB gallants who won fair maidens with false promises are as ancient as literature but their blandishments seem to work as well in this enlightened age as ever before. Oddly enough, the damsels who succumb are frequently neither lonely nor neglected but beautiful, pursued and worldly-wise.

When Adele Caponigri, daughter of a Manhattan Municipal Court Judge, went to the altar, she thought she was marrying into one of the finest families in England. In an annulment suit in New York City the other day she said Donald Gilruth had told her his mother was an aunt of Queen Elizabeth, his uncle was a former governor of New Zealand who had bequeathed him a huge sheep ranch, that he himself was a graduate of Sandhurst, famous British military academy, and had been decorated for bravery as a major in the war.

After they had been married a while, she said her husband warned her during a quarrel that she'd better do what he said because he could leave her any time he pleased. She decided to do some checking and discovered, she said, that Gilruth had been married in 1918 in London and apparently had never been divorced.

She learned also, she told the judge, that her husband was not related in any way to the British queen or a New Zealand governor, that he hadn't been an army major or the recipient of any decorations and that he was 48 years old.

Gilruth declared he thought his first wife had been killed in an accident at a dog track but he failed to appear at the trial and Adele won an annulment by default.

When Bonnie Allison met Bill Allison during a vacation in 1943 at Sea Island, Georgia, she was working steadily as a model in New York City and also as a billing machine operator for a large corporation. He told her he was a Wall Street broker and promoter "and from the very first moment overwhelmed me with his importance and background."

"I didn't encourage his overtures," she said, "but when I got back to New York after my vacation, he started a whirlwind courtship. He called me at all hours of the day and night and finally convinced me he sincerely loved me."

Bonnie quit work, furnished a small Park Avenue apartment with what was left of her savings and married Bill that New Year's Eve.

"He brought all of his worldly goods to the apartment in a single valise," she testified in applying for a separation. "Its contents consisted of some sheets, a pillow case, some towels, two sets of underwear and a pair of slacks."

She said she paid all the expenses of their home, and in addition gave her husband her savings "for investment." He gave $1,500 of her money to a gambler, she said, sank another $500 in some stock, pawned her diamond bracelet and then insisted that she sell the furniture. When she refused he became threatening, so she changed the lock on the door and hung out a "Do not disturb" sign.

She was awarded a separation decree and $18 a week for the support of their 3-year-old daughter.

Raven Malone, one of Billy Rose's prettiest showgirls at the Diamond Horseshoe, narrowly escaped the wiles of a dashing young Latin who described himself as a millionaire with huge business interests in Lima, Peru. When she met him she was wearing another man's ring, but his courtship was so ardent and his descriptions of Peruvian luxury were so intriguing that she broke her engagement and promised to marry him.

Shortly before she left for Atlantic City to represent New York City in the recent beauty pageant, she announced her new betrothal at a party at which Wilson Brown, one of Eddie Rickenbacker's assistants, was a guest. Brown raised his eyebrows at the news.

"I met your friend the last time I was in Lima," he said. "He has a wife and a child there, and his only business enterprise is a used car lot. You'd better do some investigating."

Raven did. The result: she's seeing no more of the persuasive Peruvian but considerable of Mr. Brown.

Look before you leap is the advice of former Surrogate John P. Cohalan of New York City, who believes that girls who plunge into matrimony blindfolded shouldn't be lightly freed from their obligations. He wasn't greatly impressed by the woes of Mildred Kellam Bell, who married Glenn George Bell in 1941.

Testifying before Cohalan, now an official referee, Mildred said:

"He told me that he was a manager of an automobile manufacturing plant in New Jersey, that his income was more than $250 a week and that he had a substantial bank account. I never doubted him when he promised: 'If you marry me you will have nothing to worry about for the rest of your life.'

"We went on a two-week honeymoon and returned to a furnished room. He said we would stay only a few days until workmen finished decorating and furnishing an apartment for us. After two weeks there I asked to see the apartment, but he said he wanted it to be a surprise.

"When I insisted a few days later, he admitted there was no apartment, that he wasn't a manager but a clerk, and that he was head over heels in debt. He said I'd have to get a job."

Mildred admitted she had received a wife's allotment of $50 a month for three and a half years while Glenn was in the Army. The referee's decision:

"The evidence presents a marriage more in the nature of a business venture than one based on love and the desire to establish a home and raise a family. The plaintiff owed a duty to society to investigate the extravagant representations before contracting marriage. This she did not do. A cursory investigation of the defendant would no doubt have disclosed that he was impecunious. I recommend a dismissal of the complaint."

Pointing out that the allotment money was used to buy war bonds which were given the husband when he returned to the United States, Mildred's attorney asked the Supreme Court to set aside the recommendation. Decision was reserved.

# The SECOND YEAR is the HARDEST

By Stella W. Herron

MOST modern mothers know, in a general way, that the first five years are the most important ones in their children's lives. It is during this period that the foundations must be laid for healthy bodies, sound minds and pleasant personalities.

Mothers follow what they believe is a proper routine to give their offspring a flying start, but results are often unhappy. Why?

Several eminent American physicians and psychologists have found some of the many answers to that important question. Their observations have convinced them that a baby's second year is the most crucial in its career—and that it is during this year that many mothers make serious mistakes.

It is not enough, these experts say, to follow conscientiously a set pattern of feeding and bathing. Babies, it seems, have an instinctive knowledge of when they should eat and sleep (some pediatricians call this a baby's "vital rhythms")—and they have surprisingly sensitive feelings.

During the first year of its life an infant is passively dependent, but it is not inert in feeling or to be molded in any way the older people decide. It has its own "rhythms," which should be understood and respected—and it needs a lot of attention, approval, and affection from those who take care of it, especially its mother.

During much of its first year, a baby is a sleeping volcano of energy. In the second year, the little volcano becomes somewhat less dependent and begins to erupt. The occasions when it is misunderstood by older people increase. It is beginning to grow up emotionally and demands and deserves—assurance and applause.

Dr. Marian C. Putnam, of the James Jackson Putnam Children's Center, Roxbury, Mass., has reported some significant cases of babies being sickened through the mothers' inability to understand the nature of infants in general, and their own in particular.

There was an 11-month-old boy who was starved and anemic because he had persistently refused food and had repeated attacks of vomiting. Medical examination showed no infection or organic disease, but the specialists at the Center had little difficulty in learning that he was a case of wounded feelings.

The mother was closely questioned and confessed that she had not particularly wanted the baby, her third child. She gave him routine care, but in her attitude was some aloofness, even dislike, which the infant sensed.

He showed no pleasure when she approached his crib—in which he lay without any activity, unable to lift his head or to roll over. Some people thought the child was mentally deficient.

The physicians and nurses at the Center began to stop and play with him, pick him up and exercise him frequently. They fed him only when he cried for nourishment. In two weeks he was able to sit up. He was walking at 17 months. At the age of six, the boy went to school and did very well. The supposed "idiot" turned out to be a normally bright child.

Little Henry was two years old, and acutely sick. He had severe constipation and wetted himself every ten minutes. If he was asked to do, or not do, something, he threw himself down, banged his head against the floor and screamed. He fought every routine of life, ate little and wouldn't take a nap even when exhausted.

Under the skilful care of the Center's physician-instructor, Henry began to lose the deep feeling of anxiety which parental misunderstanding had developed in him. He was never scolded. In three months he was normal. Here was a baby on the way to madness, all because his parents didn't understand him and were driving him against his own nature.

More than anything else infants "revolt" over feeding. As Dr. Milton J. E. Senn, of Cornell Medical College, says, "during the first year of his life a baby grows faster than at any other time; he doubles his birth weight in the first five or six months and triples it in the next five or six months."

X-ray pictures show that the infant stomach requires from one to four hours to empty itself completely of a feeding. If a second feeding is forced before the stomach is emptied, vomiting, colic and loss of appetite result. But when babies were given food on a standard four hour schedule, there was a tremendous outcry from most of them.

Unless the hungry baby was fed promptly, he exhausted himself yelling and developed a sense of anxiety and insecurity. So, Dr. Senn and other authorities now believe that the baby himself is the best judge of when he is to be fed, depending on how long it takes to empty his particular stomach. These natural hunger "rhythms," at first quite wayward, become more regular as time goes on.

On such a "Self-Regulated Schedule," a baby asks for, and gets, a feeding every three or four hours, now and then more frequently.

But as much as food, an infant wants contact with its mother—especially if it is being breast fed.

Dr. Benjamin M. Spock, of the Mayo Clinic, recommends the "rooming in arrangement," now being used in certain lying in hospitals in Detroit, New Haven and other cities. The baby's crib remains in the mother's room so she can learn his moods, and his "rhythms"—and feed him when he's hungry. The father, and he alone, is allowed to visit often so that he, too, can learn what the new member of the family is like.

Dr. Spock agrees with his colleagues elsewhere in the country that baby's second year is likely to be more difficult than the first, both for the mother and the child. It is then that the infant begins to be an active personality. He becomes arbitrary in his appetite, as in other matters. The more the harassed mother bosses and tries to stuff into him what he won't have, the worse the child becomes. He also wants to play and break everything in reach.

Despite his persistence in doing what he is told not to do, and saying "No" to what he is asked to do, the two-year-old infant is dependent on the mother's friendship and approval. As he becomes more independent, he also becomes more dependent on his mother," says Dr. Spock.

The wise mother will meet the problems of that difficult and important second year with intelligence, patience and affection for the sake of her baby's—and her own—physical and mental well-being.

*When Baby Won't Eat, It May Be a Normal Sign That He's Growing Independent and Demands Assurance and Applause.*

Illustrated by DOROTHEA FOX

## A Distinguished Scientist Explains Why the One Essential for Constructive Action Is Faith

# "my FAITH"

Karl T. Compton

*"Faith Is Needed Between Individuals and Between Nations."*

by Karl T Compton

**President of Massachusetts Institute of Technology**

A VERY able soldier and statesman, recently returned from a mission to the war ravaged countries of Europe, was telling to a small group of us his impressions of the situation.

He concluded his remarks by saying that the desperate need of these people can be summed up in three words:

Food
Fuel
Faith.

We may, he added, supply food and fuel through individual or national charity, but these will be only temporary and superficial expedients unless we can somehow also provide these masses of people with a basis for faith.

This statement set me to thinking about faith: just what does it signify? The dictionary gives numerous definitions.

Because of its prominence in religious doctrine, especially since the teachings of St. Paul, its meaning has probably been the subject of as much analysis and critical discussion as any word in our language.

But, from the layman's viewpoint, I think that this statement by the soldier statesman well illustrates the significance of faith.

Faith certainly includes hope. No one can have faith in a hopeless situation. Champions of the "lost cause" or the "last stand" may be actuated by qualities of courage, loyalty or fanaticism, but faith is not one of these qualities.

The hope and desire for a good life is one of the ingredients of faith.

But hope is not enough; there must be some reasonable basis of confidence that the things hoped for can be achieved—achieved by hard effort and sacrifice perhaps, but still possible of achievement. St. Paul must have had this in mind when he said: "Faith is the assurance of things hoped for, a conviction of things unseen."

Thus faith includes not only the emotional quality of hope, but the intellectual quality of belief and confidence. One cannot have faith in any person or in any cause if his judgment or experience tells him that the person or cause cannot be relied upon.

Finally faith has the dynamic quality of impelling action. Perhaps it is more accurate to say that the instinctive urge for survival and for a better life will find active expression if there is any reasonable basis for hope and confidence.

Thus faith is the motive power for human achievement. It must have been with such thoughts in mind that St. Paul wrote: "...By faith Noah, being warned of God concerning things not seen as yet,...prepared an ark to the saving of his house...By faith he (Abraham) became a sojourner in the land of promise, as in a land not his own, dwelling in tents," and outlined the early struggle of the Hebrew people as achieved by faith.

The people of the ravaged countries of the world today must gain faith if they are not to sink still further into distress and social disintegration. They must have some basis for hope and confidence, which will inspire them to work themselves out of their present distress. If some such faith cannot be established, the alternative prospect is dismal indeed,—a substantial relapse toward serfdom and brutality.

We in America must have an active faith in the world-wide value of our way of life if we are to aid effectively in preventing such a catastrophe.

I have used this example of the nature and need of faith because it is a present-day problem demanding our attention. It emphasized for me the fact that concepts like faith, religion or brotherly love often tend to become mystical and ineffective when we talk about them in the abstract.

But their powerful significance stands out when we consider them in relation to concrete situations.

This thought leads to consideration of other situations in which faith is needed. These situations run the whole gamut of human problems, all the way from the relationships between individuals, as in a family, to those between social groups and nations.

To deal with all such situations successfully, faith is needed. If it does not exist, efforts must be made to establish it. There must, in the first place, be a desire or hope for a better situation. If this desire does not exist, the case is probably hopeless.

Then there must be a reasonable basis for confidence that a satisfactory solution can be achieved. If this basis does not yet exist, the problem becomes one of research, design and planning in order to produce a plan that gives some basis for faith in achievement.

And the final requirement is to work hard for the success of the plan, sustained by faith in it.

To my mind one of our most insidious weaknesses is the tendency toward cynicism which is sometimes a pose of sophistication and sometimes a product of age and hard knocks. Cynicism is the direct antithesis of faith, and it leads to defeat and decay.

To a considerable extent faith or cynicism is a habit of mind which may be emphasized or suppressed by conscious effort.

As a scientist I know the creative value of consciously suppressing the tendency to meet a new project with the feeling "it can't be done," or a new concept with the thought, "it isn't possible."

It is always the optimists, albeit guided by knowledge and sensible caution, who get things done.

So, whether it be for the ravished nations of Europe, or the welfare of our own country, or the relationships within a family, or the success of one's work, one essential for constructive action is faith.

If the elements of hope and confidence are inadequate, a better basis for them must be sought.

But in any case, if the objective is worthy, the attitude of faith rather than cynicism will help mightily to achieve it.

Illustrated by KARL GODWIN

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For dust could spoil the precision job done in that room, where three vital moving parts are fitted together to within *30 millionths of an inch*—so close that thereafter a Fluid Drive unit is dust-tight, oil-tight, even air-tight!

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# 3rd GREAT LOVE for Louise Van Alen

**The Former Wife of the Late Alexis and Serge Mdivani, Now Married for the Third Time, Hopes That the Long Years of Tragedy and Misfortune Are at Last Over for Her**

By Irmis Johnson

IF MEMBERS of Newport society were given to betting on people, instead of horses, a lot of them undoubtedly would have been considerably out of pocket when their own Princess Louise Astor Van Alen Mdivani became plain Mrs. Alexander Saunderson in a recent marriage ceremony.

Even close friends of the 37-year-old widow had believed, until a few months ago, when her engagement to the little-known Englishman was announced, that Louise would eke out her life with the memory of her late beloved husband, Prince Serge Mdivani, as her sole romantic interest.

Nothing, it had seemed, could heal the sorrow that descended on Louise 11 years ago, as she knelt on a rain-drenched polo field at Palm Beach, Fla., beside the inert body of her Georgian Prince Charming—husband of only 36 days—and begged ambulance attendants to redouble their efforts to revive him.

Only a few minutes earlier, Serge had been making a daring play. There was a head-on collision of ponies and the Prince and his mount went down together. As both struggled to rise, two iron-shod hooves struck Mdivani's head. He slumped to the ground.

Every effort was made to revive him, but it soon became apparent that in the twinkling of an eye his life had been extinguished; and with it the light from his bride's life, for more than a decade.

Yet this wasn't the first time that tragedy had struck home for the great-granddaughter of Gen. James H. Van Alen, of the Civil War, and of the late William B. Astor.

She met and married her first Prince, Serge's young brother Alexis, when she was only 21 and together they sailed for Europe.

There were money troubles within a year, it was reported at the time. On top of that, Alexis had met a lovely heiress friend of Louise's named Barbara Hutton. Gossips said that Louise was grief-stricken when she went to The Hague and obtained a divorce, in 1932, after Serge, then the husband of opera star Mary McCormic, had failed in his self-appointed mission as ambassador between Alexis and his Princess.

When Barbara didn't marry the Prince right away there was more speculation, leading to the rumor that Louise might even remarry Alexis in time. Friends who knew her to be a girl capable of sincerest devotion and unselfish love could only stand by and wait.

While they waited, Barbara married and divorced Alexis, and in the summer of 1935 he was killed in an automobile accident in Spain.

Louise grieved then for the ex-husband she never could quite forget, but Serge, who at the age of 30 had been divorced from both Pola Negri and Mary McCormic, devoted himself to the task of comforting her.

On Feb. 8, 1936, Louise married Serge, making herself a "double" Princess and, she thought, the happiest girl in the world.

Serge had confided to his closest friends that in spite of two matrimonial failures chalked up against him he was determined to make this marriage a success.

A brief yachting trip for a honeymoon, after the wedding which was far more sumptuous than Louise's first, was all the time allotted to Serge, the living husband; 11 years, apparently, were given over to devotion to his memory.

After a brief interval of stoicism the bride gave way to overwhelming sorrow.

Serge's body was sent home to Newport for burial in the Van Alen plot in Berkeley Memorial Cemetery. There Louise reportedly ordered two graves dug side by side.

"The other will be mine," she cried, but eventually she was persuaded to have it filled in.

A shrine, said to have cost $20,000, was erected and bears the inscription, "My Adored Husband, Prince Serge Mdivani, 1904-1936. His Wife, Louise, Everlasting Love."

Dressed in black, the young bride visited the grave each day and ordered that fresh cut flowers be put on the plot daily.

Renouncing the gay world to which she had been accustomed since her girlhood, she spent much of her time with the Prince's riding and polo trophies.

There is a legend that in the little annex she had built next to the Walker Riding Academy Louise often sat meditating at a plain wooden table while a vacant chair stood opposite her.

In the stable was the polo pony that innocently had killed its master and made the Princess a widow. Apparently he had been adjudged not guilty by the girl who tried so hard in her early years to find happiness, but who always seemed stalked by tragedy.

Whether or not Louise was as completely forgiving of the girl who won her first husband, a strange coincidence resulted in the Van Alen heiress inheriting some of Barbara Hutton's wealth.

This came about through the estate of Alexis, including what was left of Barbara's settlement on him. Serge was named in Alexis' will as recipient of most of his fortune, and Serge in turn left the major share of his worldly goods to Louise, including what he had inherited from Alexis.

Since Louise is a wealthy girl in her own right money probably means little to her, but she finally seems to have made up her mind that happiness is important.

The awakening may have come several years ago when Louise made a surprise visit at New York's Stork Club and, according to other socialites present, danced the rhumba in her stocking feet. Such hi-jinks had no strong appeal to her, however. The performance was not repeated.

Now, perhaps Mrs. Louise Astor Van Alen Mdivani Saunderson has achieved a successful marriage.

Since her new husband, a lieutenant in the British Army in World War II, was taken prisoner by the Germans at Dunkirk, and spent five years in a Nazi prisoner-of-war camp, all their friends feel that both of them have had their full share of misfortune.

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*Adorns your skin with the fragrance men love—*

## Cashmere Bouquet

# MURDER *in the*

## By Dan Parker and Roger Treat

IT wasn't the time for James Dulaney to die. He was only 22. He was intelligent, handsome, outstanding in his chosen profession—which happened to be prize-fighting. He called himself "Jimmy Doyle." But perhaps it was best that he never again became conscious after that pulverizing punch exploded against his jaw as the seventh round was ending. His brain would have been sick forever.

He was already fatally injured when the back of his head crashed against the canvas ring with a hollow thud which sent shudders through the hardened watchers in the ringside seats.

Further back in the arena, the kill-maddened mob was screaming acclaim to the great champion, Sugar Ray Robinson. They did not know it yet, but this time their hysterical shouts of "Kill him, Ray!" had been answered. Jimmy Doyle was going to die.

Tense at the microphone, the veteran observer Bill Corum told hundreds of thousands: "I'm awfully afraid there has been a tragedy here tonight." He sensed what had happened.

As usual, the persons responsible for the death of Jimmy Doyle were absolved of all blame. Ray Robinson, the welterweight king whose smashing fists had sent Doyle to his last defeat on earth, was still champion. Promoters continued to make preposterous mis-matches, gambling cynically with death and insanity for the losers.

Boxing commissions, politically appointed and cravenly spineless in their negligence, continued to be more interested in reserving their own ringside seats than in preserving the mental and physical health of the fighting men whose efforts made their soft-touch jobs possible.

Doyle's story smeared boxing's already sordid reputation in new disgrace on the front pages from coast to coast. Only 15 months previous to the fatal night of June 24, 1947, Doyle had been knocked out in the same arena by Artie Levine.

As if in preview of what was to transpire when Doyle met Robinson, he had been carried on a stretcher from his encounter with Levine, suffering from a crippling, but not quite fatal, brain concussion.

He rested nine months, applied for a license in California, and was barred for life in that state because of his medical history. It was a sane decision, which should have been made national.

However, Paul Doyle, an ex-fighter, and his manager brought Jimmy back east, matched him with a fourth-rate and harmless trial horse named Mayon Padilo, then tossed Jimmy in with Sal Ritchie, "to find out if Jimmy could stand up under a right-hand punch."

Jimmy didn't die after being hit with a number of rights in this gamble with Fate. He went on to outpoint Ralph Zannelli and Dan Kapilow, knocked out George Smith, and was booked with the murderous Ray Robinson.

The Cleveland commission, which should have known even without medical advice, not to court trouble with the mentally sick boxer, was urged privately by its medical adviser not to let Doyle fight. The warning went unheeded.

One of the Cleveland newspapers campaigned strongly against the dangerous match. But a prize fighter's life didn't weigh much against a politically influential promoter's chance to make some money, so Jimmy Doyle was sacrificed on Pugilism's always blazing altar of greed.

Official reports spread the whitewash wherever it was needed and the Doyle case was marked closed in Cleveland. There is no reason to believe that the circumstances which resulted in the death of Doyle will not be deliberately repeated time and again in Cleveland and all the other boxing arenas of the country. In fact, few fights shows have ever taken place in which at least one of the contests was not a cruel and dangerous mis-match, with tragic death or lingering insanity the only alternative for the weaker boxer.

WITHIN less than two months after Doyle's death, the tragedy was re-enacted. Glenn Newton Smith, of Philadelphia, was fighting Sam Baroudi, of Akron, Ohio, in a middleweight bout in North Adams, Mass., on August 15.

In the eighth round, Smith found the going hard. He was down at the bell. In the ninth, he went down quickly for a count of nine. He was hardly up when Baroudi landed a terrific blow to his jaw. He fell on his head, and that was the end of the fight, and the world, for Smith.

He never fully regained consciousness, and he died of a cerebral hemorrhage the next day.

(In an early issue, The American Weekly will discuss the destruction of men's minds by the boxing racket.)

A general letdown in standards brought about by the war and the ever-growing underworld control have the "manly art" hanging on the ropes in danger of a knockout wallop. Unless the better elements in the business join forces and clean house thoroughly there may be a public reaction powerful enough to outlaw this popular form of entertainment which has degenerated into a racket.

In New York, boxing's capital, the District Attorney's office made an exhaustive investigation of conditions in the fight game and found that many of the leading boxers were controlled by a criminal element which operated behind the scenes and was responsible for glaring form reversals in bouts suspected of being arranged for betting coups.

As a result of the unsavory tie-up between the underworld and politics, even the most elementary safeguards have been ignored and boxers unfit to be in the ring have been permitted to continue fighting at the risk of their lives.

* * *

Doyle was the only boxer of national prominence to be killed in recent months. The balance of nearly 20 who have died since the beginning of 1946 were those pitiful incompetents of the preliminary bouts. Their dying aroused only local comment; their tragedy was important only to their immediate families and dependents.

Ring history, however, lists many prominent cases, all bearing the same overtones as the Doyle death—greedy promoters, negligent commissions, quick forgetfulness by the fans who continue to make boxing one of the wealthiest rackets—for a few shrewd and heartless men.

Ernie Schaaf of Boston might be alive today had he been forced to retire after Max Baer hit him so hard in the last few seconds of their bout in Chicago, in August, 1932, that he was unconscious for more than an hour.

The blow damaged the brain tissue so seriously that when Schaaf met Primo Carnera in Madison Square Garden the following February, an ordinary left jab from the notoriously light-hitting Italian giant knocked him unconscious.

Because Primo and Ernie were fighting for the right to met Jack Sharkey for the title and Sharkey was Schaaf's stable-mate, the crowd booed this fishy looking denouement. But there was no booing when Ernie died the next day.

Max Baer was also credited with pole-axing Frankie Campbell into Eternity in California back in 1930. Frankie, brother of Dolf Camilli, the ball player, had resumed fighting after having quit the ring because of head injuries.

Lou Ambers the lightweight champion, who wasn't much of a puncher, had to take the blame

# Arena

**for Tony Scarpati's death in a Brooklyn ring back in 1936 because the fans on hand that night saw Lou land a blow that felled the boy but didn't see the many punches thrown by other fighters which had injured Tony's brain tissue long before.**

Punch-drunk wrecks who will wind up in insane asylums or morgues when that one blow too many finally lands are passed as fit by boxing commissions appointed to guard the interests of the public and the fighters but who almost always get around to thinking that their first duty is to protect the promoters.

Somehow, most of these officials feel that to cancel a match because one or both of the contestants are unfit is "hurting the game."

had [illegible] control and operated with brazen contempt for authority. Racketeers fixed important fights, had cleaned up heavily betting on their [illegible].

The [illegible] Doyle tragedy, which happened when [illegible] jury was completing the first phase of its investigation of the New York boxing [illegible] built a wave of public anger against [illegible] grossly commercialized sport.

That shocking incident that showed how cheaply the boxing racket holds a human life was the death of Benny Leonard in the ring of the St. Nicholas Arena in New York while he was refereeing a bout one night last April.

Ringsiders saw Benny clutch at his throat, tear at his collar as he prepared to finish [illegible] evening night's work by officiating in the [illegible] of a 3-round card.

Later, the great lightweight champion of a quarter century ago toppled over dead in the ring, a victim of coronary thrombosis, and the crass commercialism of the prize ring which puts the saving of $50 for a fight promoter above concern for a human life.

For years it has been obvious that asking a referee to handle an entire boxing card was inviting tragedy. But, although warning after warning was given when middle-aged referees collapsed in the ring, nothing was done to remedy the situation until one of Boxing's immortals showed he was mortal, too.

Illustrated by JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.

Hardly ever does a boxing commission doctor refuse to pass a fighter. Yet, night after night, boxers appear on cards, more often than not in main bouts, whose only virtue is the negative one of being docile knockout victims.

Once, matchmakers used to strive to pair boys of equal ability.

Now the art has degenerated into picking soft touches for built-up headliners whose synthetic reputations must be protected at all costs.

During the war, anyone who could wear trunks and hold up his hands was eligible to box in the best clubs. Talent was so scarce that third- and fourth-raters became headliners.

This state of affairs grew worse and worse as the war wore on and finally, when peace arrived, standards had sunk so low that there didn't seem to be any hope of ever remedying the situation.

Criminal elements, always present in boxing, clubs were prospering. Elsewhere throughout the country, at least two referees were assigned to every card.

But the Empire State which likes to think it leads the world in matters pertaining to the administration of Boxing stumbled along blindly in the Stone Age of fisticuffs so that boxing promoters wouldn't have to pay the $25 or $50 fee of a second referee.

In most other states, the complaint of the promoters has been that the Boxing Commissions foisted too many referees on them to provide fees for political appointees.

Now that Benny Leonard is gone beyond recall, the situation has been remedied.

The death of Mickey Donley, former boxer, while refereeing a card in Jersey City three years ago, naturally had no effect on New York.

MICKEY, apparently a well-conditioned man, was in his early 40s and ever since he had retired as a professional boxer a decade before he had continued to exercise regularly.

Overexertion for a man approaching middle age probably weakened Mickey's heart to the point where only the additional strain of handling an extra-hard match was needed to kill him.

That tragedy led John Hall, then New Jersey's Boxing Commissioner, to institute sweeping reforms in his state. First he made a rule requiring all referees to submit to a cardiograph once a year when applying for their license.

Next he ordered every referee to submit to the same physical checkup before a fight that is required of the boxers. A minimum of two referees is assigned to every card.

If Boxing Commissions were susceptible to influence by shocks of less than earthquake intensity, the death of Chuck Oldis after a night's work at St. Nicholas Arena back in 1933 might have started the wheels of reform in motion.

Chuck was a semi-pro baseball umpire, boxing referee and sports announcer. On the night in question, he announced the card of bouts at the weekly St. Nicholas boxing show and was stricken with a heart attack in the ring and later died.

That should have taught the Commission that all ring officials — even announcers, who have to exert themselves considerably — should be compelled to take a physical examination before participating in a boxing show — but it didn't.

Not even when Harry Ebbets, a husky ex-boxer in his late 30s, collapsed at the Ridgewood Grove Club in Brooklyn one night while carrying the burden of refereeing an entire card, did the New York Commission do anything to remedy the situation that was leading up to Leonard's death.

Then there was the warning that came when Arthur Susskind, who had won fame as a boxer under the name of Young Otto, slumped to the canvas at the Fort Hamilton Arena in Brooklyn.

He exercises daily and his figure is as trim as in the days when he was known as the hardest hitter in the ring for his weight.

***Because of the Unsavory Tie-Up Between the Underworld and Politics, Unfit Boxers Are Permitted to Continue Fighting. The Result is an Alarming Increase in Fatalities and Serious Ring Injuries.***

But, like so many other old-time athletes, Susskind probably doesn't realize that exercise can be more harmful than beneficial at his age.

After this warning, Susskind decided to confine his future activities in boxing to the role of judge.

Benny Leonard may have weakened his heart during his comeback campaign in the early 1930s when he was forced to return to the ring to recoup a fortune lost in the stock market crash.

During the late war, he got back into uniform and again faced the deadly grind of physical exercise at the U. S. Maritime Academy.

After the war, Benny decided he had had enough exercise to last him for the rest of his life. He suffered a leg injury in an accident several years ago and slowed up his activities. He let the waistline develop to beer barrel circumference. The combination of excess weight, the exertion of trying to handle an entire boxing card alone and lack of official concern for the physical welfare of referees proved his undoing.

While the public was still shocked over Leonard's death, boxing promoters were glad to pay the fee of an extra referee and keep quiet about it. Now, however, the racket's contempt for human life whenever the dollar is concerned is manifesting itself again as the promoters squawk like stuck pigs over having to pay two referees.

These are the same promoters who would now be bidding for Jimmy Doyle's services had he survived his second ring mishap in Cleveland.

Next week: The Manly Art of Wrecking Mind

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# Relax and Live Long

***The Man Who Can Throw Darts While Others Worry and Fret, Says New York University's Dr. Nash, Will Have a Longer and Happier Life.***

By Booton Herndon

A GROUP of financiers stood nervously around the ticker, looking at the tape which would mean fortune or poverty to them as stocks rose or fell.

Their breath came in tight gasps, and some wiped their perspiring faces with already damp handkerchiefs.

The man who had the most to gain or lose was not in the group around the ticker. He was back in his quiet office, calmly throwing darts at a board on the wall.

"That man," says Dr. Jay B. Nash, chairman of the department of physical education of New York University, "is the man who'll have the happiest and the longest life."

Dr. Nash is a student of fatigue, and what to do to avoid it. Fatigue, to him, is much more than a tired muscle. It leads to tension and tension leads to killing diseases of the heart and arteries.

"There are four fatigues," he says. "One is sheer physical fatigue,' and the others are more complicated. There is mental fatigue—such as Wall Street nerves. There's emotional fatigue, like combat fatigue in a soldier. As important as any of these is the fatigue of boredom, just not having anything to do. The cure for these three is relaxation.

"Rest," Dr. Nash says, "is much more than doing nothing.

"Real rest is doing something that interests you, in slow, rhythmic cadence. Golf, for example, is a fine relaxation—but when it has to be played at a forced speed to keep ahead of the foursome behind, it's no longer relaxation. The cadence isn't natural."

A magazine editor in New York puts in his eight hours a day, meeting the inflexible deadlines, timing his actions to the necessity of the job. On week ends, however, he relaxes to his own rhythm, without even leaving the city.

Armed with books on nature, he strolls through public parks, identifying trees and shrubs, studying nature in the heart of the city. When he wants to go on to another tree, he does; when he wants to stop, he stops. He follows his own rhythm.

"Time was," Dr. Nash says, "when people took pride in their work. They made the best pair of shoes in the community, or hammered out the best horseshoe. Their grandsons now work on the assembly line, doing the same job over and over, without interest or incentive. Their hours may be shorter, but the boredom is greater. They are finished when their ancestors were just beginning."

A country boy from the hills of Vermont found the semi-weekly, 27-mile hikes over hot southern terrain with just one canteen of water the worst phase of army training.

"When I get out of the army," he said, "I'm going to take a gallon of water and start walking. When I get thirsty, I'm going to drink all the water I want."

Just the thought of living at his own tempo, instead of the army's kept him going.

It's not necessary to go back to Titian, the painter who finished one of his greatest works at the age of 103, to prove that men who work without boredom live longer. Dr. John F. Erdmann, a New York surgeon who maintains his skill at the age of 83, says he'll be ready to operate on when he no longer enjoys his work or his hobby, fishing.

James A. Willis of Buffalo celebrated his 100th birthday by putting in a regular day's work as an oil holsterer. George Bernard Shaw, at 90, is still active in the literary work he enjoys.

"A man has to have a hobby to escape the boredom of a routine job," Dr. Nash says. "But it need be a hobby he can control. He must pick something that interests him, from the broad subjects of home crafts, sports in which he can participate, nature, or even card playing.

"Of course, he may live in a city slum and have an hour's walk doesn't provide too much for Progress. However, it doesn't cost anything for a man to play with his kids."

Dr. Nash himself has several hobbies, and some of them overlapped with students and work as well. Sometimes, when his office is quiet, he does the work he enjoys at his own speed.

He plays bridge and poker, and goes to fish. Mrs. Nash also has learned a few things about relaxation.

"When she gets keyed up, she goes to the kitchen and bakes a cake," Dr. Nash says. "I've known her to start mixing the batter at two o'clock in the morning. Cake baked she goes to bed and sleeps like a top. Mighty good cakes, too."

Dr. Harlow Shapley of Harvard University called the fatigue of boredom one of the five great threats to mankind. Dr. Nash points out. However, mental fatigue is also a killer.

"Take the financier," he says. "Decisions pile up on him during the day, each one incurring a risk, each one endangering his security. He winds up working all day and worrying all night."

One of his acquaintances cracked up under the strain. He was a brilliant man, unable to control his shaking hands.

"We found out two things about him," Dr. Nash recalls. "He liked to walk, and he liked dogs. We got him a dog, a leash, and a cane.

"In one shaking hand we put the leash, in the other the cane, and turned him loose in the park. His hands stopped shaking, because there was something for them to do.

"His mind got back to normal because he was doing what he enjoyed at his own rhythm. Pretty soon he was back on the job, but he'd learned his lesson.

"He'd learned how to relax, in his own tempo."

Illustrated by MAXINE LESTER

*A Caravan Returning to Gold Canyon From California—Some Who Came Back Had Been Disillusioned With Their Luck Beyond the Sierra; Some Were Lawbreakers; Some, Gamblers.*

# Bonanza! THE COMSTOCK

By Gene Coughlin

LIKE a benevolent eccentric living to give away $10 bills on the sidewalk, the Comstock Lode had to wait a long time to find people willing to share her fabulous wealth.

Thousands scurried past this queen of the bonanzas. A few paused to pick at her golden toenails, then hurried westward to the Promised Land of the prospector, California. They had no time to waste on Nevada's Sun Mountain whose veins were awoken with millions in gold, and hundreds of millions in silver.

Ironically, when the great lode was "discovered," it was named in honor of a man who didn't know what a good thing he had a man who gloried when he sold his holdings for $11,000 only to kill himself a year later when it dawned on him that he had duped himself out of millions.

Nor did the real discoverers live to reap the reward. The brothers Grosch, sons of a minister, died before the Comstock Lode founded fortunes helped keep the Union intact, gave to the world of commerce a new communication system and to the world of letters a new treasure, Mark Twain.

Some reports have it that gold was found in the canyon dropping from Sun Mountain to the Carson River as early as 1849, the big year of the California discoveries 150 miles west, beyond the high Sierras.

But the "showing" didn't cause appreciable comment until 1850, when Mormons and merchants, farmers and financiers, halted long enough to pocket nuggets as souvenirs and scampered on to California.

They gave it the name Gold Canyon and promised themselves they'd come back, some day.

Some did come back, earlier than they had planned. The law in the mining camps of those days was pretty wobbly and erratic, but there was one unwritten statute invariably obeyed.

Killing a man might seem necessary at times, but the killer must leave the community. For a while, anyway.

Not all of those who returned to Gold Canyon were obeying that law. Some were respectable citizens already disillusioned with their luck in California. Some were gamblers, who made their headquarters at Hall's Tavern, on the immigrant wagon road and the Carson River.

And some were backsliding prospectors who knew gold when they saw it, but couldn't recognize other minerals. One of these was a man named Henry T. P. Comstock. He said the initials stood for Thomas Paige, that he was the son of a big man back in Cleveland but he himself had been up in Canada for "quite a spell."

He had a flock of sheep when he arrived on the scene, but he left them to shift for themselves almost immediately, and took up gold mining.

Comstock and his fellow miners, all amateurs, working a few hours a day, should have been happy. They were making, with little effort, more money in a day than any of them had ever made in a month. But they grumbled. The gold in the canyon wasn't coming out like "free gold."

It was interlaced with and locked in a bluish alloy, which increased in amount as they worked up the canyon.

The so-called miners cursed the "Devil's Dirt" and threw the blue alloy away. They might as well have thrown away money by the fistful.

ONE night in Eilley Orrum's boarding house, Eph Eaton sounded the keynote.

"Boys, I'm getting out of these diggings. No sense in a man breaking his back for nothing. Gold from these parts is haba to go down to $5 an ounce. I got $11 for the last shipment to Hangtown and it used to be $15. All on account that blue devil stuff is ruining the value. California gold is still up."

"You going back to California, Eph?" somebody asked.

"Not for a spell. Reckon I'll head south."

Others joined him but Henry Comstock elected to stay. He had no place to go particularly. Besides, he was working on a project of his own. He had sent a sample of the blue alloy to a Sacramento assay office to see what it was.

The answer from Sacramento gave him no information. In California they were familiar with gold, but nobody placed this alloy.

Comstock went on digging and cursing the stuff that got in the way of gold, and the camp of Johntown gained two new residents in 1851.

They arrived quietly. They lived and worked quietly. The Grosch brothers, Hosea and Allen, never had anything to say to anybody, except to each other.

Comstock and the others in the camp stared and then sniggered as the young brothers unloaded their saddle bags.

Books! And little crocks and something that looked like a stove but wasn't big enough to cook a batch of pancakes on!

Days, while the old timers dawdled in their diggings, the Grosch brothers went exploring higher and higher up the canyon. Nights, when the other citizens gathered around Spafford Hall's gambling tables, the brothers were studying.

The books had to do with metallurgy and as they read, the young men handled the samples they had taken out of Gold Canyon that day.

Their first test with nitric acid showed if the textbooks were correct—that there was silver in the Devil's Dirt! No startling amount, but—

The brothers were patient as they followed their long range plan. They would need money to develop their claims. In the summers they worked up the canyon, extracting gold "for living expenses." Winters found them in California, working and saving.

IT wasn't until late in 1855 that they reached the richest part of the lode, high up on Sun Mountain and what they found there made them tremble at first, and renew their vow of silence. They had the secret of the mountain!

Again, that winter, they left the canyon to form their company. Gravely, and at great length they debated the merits of those who should be permitted into "the company."

Solemnly and with great dignity, the two brothers would approach the fortunate candidate only to be laughed at.

"No sirree, Bob! Not me, boys. I got a few thousand to invest but not in that canyon. Price of gold over there has been dropping steady. Find another spot and come back to see me."

They didn't need much. The price of a horse, some machinery, and wages for unskilled labor. This in return for millions of dollars.

The last candidate interviewed was George Brown, station master of Gravelly Ford on the Humboldt River. He didn't laugh.

"I've got $400 saved up. Will that help?"

The boys nodded eagerly.

Reckon you won't need it till next summer," Brown said. "I might have more by that time."

The brothers went back to the canyon, exploring crevices and ledges no white man had visited. They traced veins, marked locations, made charts and maps, and then took their samples back to the cabin for more study and more assays.

THEY were too busy that summer to remember that George Brown hadn't sent his $400, but they didn't worry. So long as it was promised, it was secure. Besides, there was more exploring to be done, to make sure they had the right lode.

The summer of 1857 saw their savings gone. The Grosch brothers wrote Brown an urgent letter. George wrote back that he was selling out; that he had more than the $400 to invest.

"Hooray!" Allen shouted. "Our fortune's made!"

He sat down to write the good news, and the fabulous result of their last assay, to their father, the Rev. A. B. Grosch of the Universalist Church at Utica, N. Y.

Fate, or the Curse of the Comstock, went into action. In the form of a pickaxe, it struck Hosea.

Hosea laughed at his "wound," where the pick had grazed his foot. Then the infection spread and Allen put him to bed and took over the nursing job until old Henry T. P. Comstock happened by.

Although he had exchanged only a few words with the brothers since their arrival six years earlier, Comstock was given to speculation as to their secret activities up the canyon. In addition, he was friendly by nature—at the time.

"You go on up to your diggings," he told Allen. "I'll take care of this young feller, there being no doctor this side of Hades."

Henry Comstock was at the bedside when the news came that Fate had struck a second time.

Over at Gravelly Ford, George Brown had been murdered. The murderer had taken his savings, the $600 that was to develop the claims!

Hosea Grosch didn't survive the blow for long. He died, presumably of lockjaw, in two weeks.

It took Allen Grosch several days to pull himself out of the numbness of his shock and grief. Then he decided that he, the only living possessor of the awesome secret of the lode, must carry on the project. He must head westward, to California, to interest new capital, to form a company to take the place of the one he and Hosea had planned these many years.

Winter was coming and the pass over the Sierra would be dangerous.

He put some of his samples, books, notes and sketches of the claims in a lockbox and shoved it under the bunk that used to be Hosea's. Then he made his proposition to Henry Comstock. Comstock was to live in the cabin, guard its contents, until Allen could return from California.

In return, Comstock was to get a quarter share of the claims.

OLD Henry didn't take the value of the claims too seriously. But it was the best cabin in the canyon, with plenty of grub. And he had nothing else to do. They shook hands and Allen headed west into the November snow.

With him went his employe, young Richard Bucke, who had not been told of the secret of the lode. They hoped to make Mud Springs, in El Dorado County, California.

A month later, miners near Last Chance in Placer county, heard whimperings in a snow drift, found the two young men attempting to crawl on arms and legs that were half frozen.

Allen Grosch died without regaining complete consciousness. Miners saved Richard Bucke's life with crude amputations of the legs. He told them this much.

One time during the tragic journey over the Divide, Allen Grosch fumbled under his shirt and brought out a packet containing samples, assay books and complete descriptions of his claims, including the location of the great lode. He put the package under a fallen tree, which he marked with his knife so "I can find it when we start for California again."

Richard Bucke refused to go back to look for the tree. He went home to Canada.

Henry Comstock, informed of Allen's death, acted in his capacity as partner and opened the locked box in the cabin. The charts and notes meant nothing to him, and as for the samples—

"Same damned old blue stuff," he said, and went back to lonely prospecting.

Back in Utica, N. Y., however, the Rev. Grosch perused one of Allen's last letters, explaining that his father had become a partner after Hosea's death. But the letter contained something else, a passage that would have sent thousands of experienced miners swarming up and down Sun Mountain, burrowing into its sides.

The assay of the last sample, Allen wrote, showed more than $3,000 in silver and $1,500 in gold—per ton! More than $2 a pound. Devil's Dirt!

Back in Washoe, later to become the state of Nevada, the Comstock Lode waited to be discovered.

Next week: More about the Comstock Lode.

Illustrated by MATT CLARK

# *In-Law Problems*
## OF THE INDIGNANT CAPTAIN

**She Fell In Love With the Air Force Captain, but When He Decided to Be a Plumber His Status Changed**

By Wesley Hartzell

IN ONE of those mysteries of post-war human relations, chubby little David G. Ebeling, one and a half years old, may grow up without the companionship of a daddy—all because his father, an air force captain with 50 bombing missions to his credit, came home from the South Pacific and started to carve out a career as a plumber.

The war hero, 27-year-old Arthur G. Ebeling, has learned, he says, that his wealthy and socially prominent parents-in-law no longer consider him to be a fit husband for their young and pretty daughter.

When he removed his captain's bars and picked up his plumber's pliers, he declares, he suddenly dropped too far in the social scale to suit his in-laws, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald F. Mehren, of Chicago.

Apparently, he says, the captain could grace the drawing room, but the plumber belongs under the sink.

That's the background of two alienation of affections suits against the Mehrens recently filed in Chicago

$25,000 and charges [illegible] rents "lured and enveigled [illegible] rginia, and their son from their home in Chicago."

The second suit, also for $25,000, is on behalf of the baby. It seeks damages "because of the loss of the comfort, companionship and protection of his father."

Ebeling makes it clear in both suits that he believes he would have remained welcome in the home and hearts of his in-laws had he not elected to "attempt to earn an honest living as a plumber."

His troubles started, the young pilot says, in August, 1944, when he returned from the Pacific theatre and announced that he was going to go into partnership with his father.

At that point, his suits charge, his in-laws began a campaign of vilification and innuendo that finally led to his wife returning to the Highland Park home of her parents and taking their son with her.

Since then, he says, his in-laws will not let him visit his child and "on the rare occasions when I was permitted to see David I was surrounded by the Mehren family and sarcastic remarks were made about me."

In their campaign, says Ebeling, the Mehrens even resorted to thinly veiled charges that "the war had unbalanced me mentally. They told Virginia that I had a nervous breakdown, had a wild and unnatural look in my eyes, was not normal any more, and did not act like myself," the pilot charges.

All of this, Ebeling explains, despite the fact "I had no psychiatric record either in the army or upon my release."

These charges by his in-laws so worried his wife, the ex-pilot says, that "she was forced into a state of frenzied mental distraction culminating in a situation in which Virginia has been unable to discriminate between a sanctified durable and happy marriage and the...unreasonable desires of her parents."

Furthermore, Ebeling's suit charges, the efforts of his wife's parents almost resulted in the couple remaining childless. His court complaint further reads:

"The defendants usurped unto themselves certain intimate discretionary matters, universally confined to husband and wife; they protested any possible realization of the fulfillment of the purpose of marriage by inducing Virginia, by threats and deceit, not to sleep in the same room with her husband and not to have children."

When a child finally was born, the suit adds, "The Mehrens used the child as a pawn in their vexatious game of separation."

In the hope of stilling his wife's family's criticism that he did not have a proper home for his family, Ebeling says he bought a house, remodeled and redecorated it. Even this did not please the Mehrens "who continued to attack me and in my son's presence accused me of being a phony and trash."

Why he should have suddenly become "a phony" and "trash" only a few days after the war when there had been no such criticism during the war, Ebeling says he simply cannot understand.

He and Virginia were married in Greenville, S. C., on February 10, 1944, while Ebeling was in service and on furlough. At that time, he says, there was no family objection.

In fact, the young pilot adds, to all outward appearances the Mehren family thought that he and Virginia were ideally matched.

Meanwhile, little David plays in his crib in the Mehrens' Highland Park mansion, completely unaware that his arrival has caused such bitterness and unhappiness.

Perhaps if he could talk he could reconcile his young parents.

Since he can't, a Chicago judge is going to have to decide whether the transition from an air force captain's uniform, bedecked with ribbons and battle stars, to the unglamorous overalls of a plumber has changed the wearer as much as he says his in-laws say it has.

*Mrs. Virginia Ebeling*

# "WONDERFUL COFFEE! WHAT KIND IS IT?"

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# ISLAND-STEALING PESTS

DOZENS of South Pacific islands, wrested from the Japs by U. S. troops after some of the bitterest fighting of the war, are now threatened by a more bizarre—and just as serious—invasion of another sort. This time the advancing horde is composed of snails.

Giant snails as big as your fist, some of them 7 inches long.

And in the Sundra Straits, between Java and Sumatra, millions of gigantic grasshoppers are in undisputed possession of an isle after another struggle by the lower forms of life against the domination of man.

The snails are one of ironic Nature's little jokes on man. A tropical species they were imported into the Caroline and Marianas islands by the Japs themselves. Their purpose was to provide a cheap food supply for their garrisons. Jap soldiers could be made to eat almost anything.

Ever since the Nips got [illegible] the snails have been multiplying like mad. One snail produces a million descendants in a few days.

There are so many on several of the islands that they cause a traffic hazard. Auto cars have run over hordes of them on the roads, and many a dangerous skid has resulted.

With a fabulous appetite for crops the snails spell hunger for the worried natives. Their favorite diet is bananas and sweet potatoes. But they don't turn up their antennae at other cultivated vegetation.

Tribal chieftains pleaded with military authorities to let the famous American know-how to work. Government scientists developed a poison bait to kill them, but it would take a king's ransom to buy for enough of the bait to have any appreciable effect. And even so, it would not stamp them out entirely.

The scientists heard that on some of the outlying small islands, snails were dying because of a strange illness. So they gathered up a boatload of sick ones and scattered them among the larger islands. The plan was to start a snail epidemic and wipe out the pests. It was a good idea—only the healthy snails wouldn't co-operate by getting sick.

*Army Cars Have a Tough Time of It on Roads That Are Covered With Snails, Some of Them as Big as a Man's Fist.*

It might not seem to the layman that the snail has sufficient intelligence to avoid remnants of its own species, but the scientists believe that they did just that. In the never-ending battle for survival, the creature that goes around with its own house on its back apparently knows better than to hobnob with any of the fellows who are dying of disease.

The learned men are now looking for a natural enemy of the snails which will prey on them but will not prove an equal menace to the islanders.

As for the Sundra Straits grasshoppers, reputedly five inches long, they became squatters and soon grew so numerous that the human population fled. A Netherland East Indies naval exploration party recently discovered the insect Eden. They reported that the grasshoppers made such a racket that they, the Dutch, could hardly hear one another talk over the uproar.

The destruction that can be caused by an army of grasshoppers is incredible. They have voracious appetites and, when hungry, will devour anything that is growing and green. They are masters of the scorched earth policy.

Several plans of attack have been considered by the Dutch government. They may send several crews of men equipped with flame throwers to the island. Perhaps this method would destroy the eggs of the next generation as well as the pests that now overrun the place.

Some experts think it would be quicker and cheaper to fly over the island with a squadron of low-flying planes and spray tons of insect-killing dust on the noisy, long-legged invaders. But to date the battle has not been waged and the pests are still rampaging.

How long the grasshoppers have held sway the Dutch can't say. But they fear a descent on other regions will find they can themselves out of house and home.

## Hangman's Holiday

OVER in England a man who has stood in high places, the target of all eyes as he coolly performed official duties of life-or-death importance, is going to retire and raise poultry.

Curious neighbors will peer in on him, expecting to see a rather sinister and eerie character. And they'll be disappointed.

For the man they glimpse will be Pierrepont the Hangman, England's official executioner. And there's nothing frightening or arresting about his appearance; he's just a medium-sized, middle-aged, quiet man who's smart enough to quit a job that has no future, either for his "customers" or for himself.

Time was when frequent executions gave the head hangman a tidy income. Thomas Henry Pierrepont, who preceded Albert Pierrepont, was well ahead when he turned over the job to his younger brother and pupil, Albert, back in 1945.

Albert got excellent publicity on his first job. His co-star was William Joyce, alias Lord Haw-Haw, condemned for traitorous Nazi broadcasts.

But the pay is only $40 for each neck stretched, and Albert found himself summoned only five or six times a year. In addition, Parliament recently began considering a government proposal to abolish hanging.

The threat to condemn his already stunted income was too much. Albert quit.

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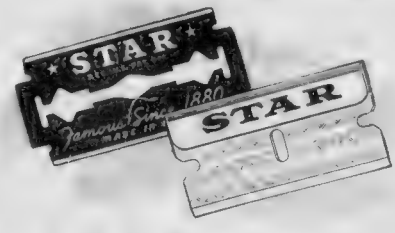


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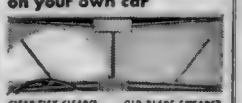

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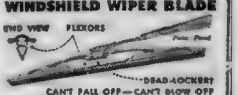


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# Mother's Dilemma

BEING a parent isn't always fun, as millions of mothers can testify. Illness, school difficulties and other problems of the young may haunt them.

Fortunately, few parents ever have to face such a heart-breaking decision as the one which recently confronted Mrs. Elizabeth Riehl of Trenton, N. J.

Mrs. Riehl's dilemma came when news arrived that her son, Wallace, serving an Army sentence as an AWOL, had escaped from the federal pen at Danbury, Conn.

The mother sat stunned as she pictured her boy trying to elude prison guards and police. The pursuers, she feared, would shoot at his show of fight.

Mrs. Riehl reached for her phone.

"Federal Prison at Danbury," she said. And then: "Warden, this is Wallace Riehl's mother. He has made a serious mistake. If he comes to me, I will bring him back to finish his sentence. He must settle his debt in the right way."

The next few days and nights dragged at an agonizing pace. Finally, as she knew he would, a white-faced young man tapped furtively on her kitchen window. Somehow, Wallace had dodged police cordons and come home to one who would love him always.

Mrs. Riehl fed him, let him rest, then began talking softly. "You shouldn't have done it, Son," she said. "You'll have to go back and take your medicine."

The advice was bitter, for Wallace faced a possible five years for escaping, in addition to the time he owed on the Army court-martial. But his mother's reasoning and his love and trust in her won out.

The warden was a much surprised man when Mrs. Riehl's car halted in front of the prison. The Trenton mother had kept her promise. There, on the prison doorstep, stood the runaway who was being hunted across half the United States.

Policeman Ernest L. Keen of Chicago made a still more anguishing decision some years ago.

A daring holdup man known as the Dawn Bandit had staged repeated crimes. Keen learned that his own son, Harold, a problem youth who had been a law breaker since he was 10, was the phantom.

Keen faced up to his responsibilities squarely. He informed his superiors and helped set a trap for his own son.

"He'll shoot," said the stern father. "I'd rather get it myself than have some other policeman killed."

This request was denied by compassionate superiors. Detective Joseph McCabe drew the task of waiting in the trap with a machine gun. Caught in the police web, young Keen snarled and grabbed for his pistol. But he was too late. McCabe's tommy gun roared, and the young bandit fell dead.

*The Women Was Not Surprised When She Heard a Furtive Tap and Saw a White-Faced Young Man Peering in Her Kitchen Window.*

## "I Was an Alcoholic"

"I HAD nothing to live for. People shunned me. I had hit bottom. I wanted to die."

That is what alcohol had done to Boston socialite Elizabeth D. Whitney. But the once national women's archery champion fought her way back to health and self-respect. Convinced from her experience that drinking is a disease, she became executive secretary of the Boston Committee for Education on Alcoholism.

Don't miss "I Was an Alcoholic," the dramatic story of a courageous woman's struggle with herself, in next week's magazine.

SHOULD a woman tell her age? In next week's magazine Mrs. Glenn Frank, widow of the former president of the University of Wisconsin, answers that question with an intelligent "yes and no."

Mrs. Frank's article is explanation of, and an apology for, the thousands of otherwise honest women who shamelessly clip years off their ages.

A BRITISH navy officer's accidental discovery may prove to be the long-sought relief for the thousands of sufferers of hiccoughs — whether of the nervous or alcoholic variety.

The treatment, with fumes of amyl nitrite, is fully explained in a feature article, "Stopper for Hiccoughs," in next week's American Weekly.


Have you seen the improved 1948
FLINT CAN OPENER?

Can't Wobble Because Rigid Die Cast
New "Comet Tail" Drive Gear—Faster, Easier
Carbonized Cutting Wheel Tough As Tool Steel

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Old style wall can openers had two main troubles: (1) weak, wobbly construction; (2) poor cutting and drive wheels.

The Flint Can Opener is a great improvement over these old style "wall wobblers."

Because its frame is rigid, die cast; thus, cannot wobble.

The driving gear is the new "comet tail"—designed to grip the can better, thus turn faster.

The cutting wheel of this new Flint Can Opener is carbonized—tough as tool steel, to pierce tin like butter.

See this new and improved 1948 Flint Can Opener today—costs more but worth the difference. You'll be delighted with it.

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PERFUMED DEODORANT: Liquid—So dainty, so easy to apply.

# Case of the PIN POINT Eyes

*Before the Doctor's Wife Died Her Eye Pupils Contracted to Pin Points, a Symptom the Significance of Which Completely Escaped the Attending Physician.*

By Peter Levins

"VEE never recovered consciousness. Died 9:15 a. m. Adorable wife. She was good and devoted, never fair to herself."

Dr. Robert George Clements, of Southport, England, inscribed these words in his red leather and gold diary on the morning of Tuesday, May 27, 1947. Before this notation he had written, "Sent for Dr. Brown, later Dr. Holmes. Transferred to Astley Bank nursing home."

They had taken Vee to the hospital in the middle of the night and Dr. Clements had remained by her side until the end. Now he was back home in the comfortable flat they had shared since their marriage seven years before.

Dr. Clements felt fatigued, for he'd had no sleep. But he realized that there would be no possibility of relaxation at least before evening. There would be many matters to attend to telegrams to relatives and friends, funeral arrangements, all the multiple small details that one must see to following the departure of a loved one.

If the lamented Vee had been Dr. Clements' first bereavement, he might, on this May morning, have found himself sorely bewildered and in need of assistance. But he would not be needing help. He knew what would have to be attended to. He had been through such sad occasions before.

Born 1880, son of a Limerick, Ireland, school inspector, Dr. Clements had three brothers and one sister. A brilliant student, he received his M.D. in Belfast, and married Edyth Anna Mercier, 10 years his senior, at the age of 28. His father-in-law, a rich miller, died a few weeks after the wedding, leaving the bride about $100,000.

Young Clements developed into a polished man-about-town, and easily managed to spend at least $120 a week more than he earned. Women worshiped him; men considered him obnoxious.

Edyth Clements died on June 24, 1920. Her husband certified the death as "encephalitis lethargica, 60 days; cardiac failure, 10 days." She died intestate, leaving about $60. Clements explained to a solicitor, "We had a joint account and it just melted away."

THE dapper widower soon left Ireland to start afresh in Manchester, England, after making an extended trip to the Far East with his sister, Mary.

In 1923, he married Mary McCleary, 24, of Doagh, a village near Belfast. Mary, delicate daughter of a well-to-do farming family, had attended his first-aid classes during World War I, and he had visited her century-old, 16-room homestead. A son, George, was born in 1925, and two years later Mary succumbed to tuberculosis, Dr. Clements again signing the death certificate.

In 1928, he married Sarah Burke, 40-year-old buyer for Irish fashion houses.

Six years later, in 1934, he took an appointment as resident physician at the Kenworthy Hydro, Southport. Many wealthy women guests at this institution remained his private patients. He continued active socially while his wife—whom he called "Kathleen"—sat some and embroidered.

The third Mrs. Clements died in 1939, her husband certifying death as due to "myocarditis and malignant pancreasitis."

(To Dr. Irene Gayus, Clements' predecessor at the Hydro, the patient's condition in no way resembled cancer of the pancreatic gland. Dr. Gayus had communicated her views to the authorities but their order to delay the cremation arrived 20 minutes too late. Thus the matter had passed into the realm of the academic.)

In June, 1940, Dr. Clements married Amy

Victoria Barnett, 43, six months after the death of her father, from whom she inherited some $90,000. Dr. Clements, now 60, moved into the bride's eight-room flat at The Promenade, Southport, and prepared to enjoy luxurious existence.

But he discovered to his dismay that he had married a woman with a mania for saving, not only money but everything and anything—old newspapers, moth-eaten clothes, bottles, cardboard boxes, sticks of all lengths, scraps of moldy food. This rubbish littered the inner rooms, to which visitors never penetrated.

AMY VICTORIA banked every penny she drew in dividends and security appreciation until her fortune rose to about $200,000. She disapproved of the doctor spending good money on cigarets; called it "burning money." She made him wear old clothes—including her late father's bowler hat until the one-time lady-killer in the frock coat and spats became a very seedy looking fellow indeed.

To others they behaved like young lovers, holding hands, kissing, exchanging such fond salutations as "Darling Vee" and "Bertie dear." Mrs. Clements praised his medical skill—he no longer held regular hours for patients; had practically retired by this time—and dismissed the unfriendliness of other doctors as jealousy.

All seemed serene until early in 1947. Then, according to Dr. Clements' entries in his diary, Vee began to fail. She had attacks, it seemed, which happened in her sleep, and which she therefore could not remember.

He had summoned Dr. John Holmes, whom he had known since 1943, and later Dr. Andrew Brown, previously a comparative stranger. From things the husband confided, Dr. Holmes decided that Mrs. Clements might have a brain tumor, although she seemed in good health. Dr. Brown could find nothing the matter with her beyond a possible slight anemia.

Dr. Brown had been surprised at being called in, feeling that Dr. Clements would have preferred someone better known to him.

JUDGING from the diary, Mrs. Clements never felt well very long. An entry telling of a doctor's visit usually concluded, "Feeling much better." But then Vee would slump and he would write, "Vee very depressed. Stayed in bed all day."

The diary record for May 26 began:

"Sat out in the afternoon. Tea at home. Went for walk to P.O.

"Vee commences to lose voice, losing power in limbs. Got her home with difficulty and fearful headache. After washing up found her unconscious."

Dr. Brown got up out of bed at 11:15 that Monday night to answer a call at the Clements home. He found Mrs. Clements apparently dying. Her eye pupils had contracted to pin points and she had Cheyne-Stokes respiration—i.e., a form of breathing marked by gradual increase in the rapidity of the respiration followed by gradual decrease and total cessation for from 5 to 50 seconds.

"We'll have to get her to a hospital at once," Dr. Brown declared.

Dr. Clements said he would fetch his wife's best friend, a widow named Amy Winifred Stevens. Not having a car of his own, he went for Mrs. Stevens in Dr. Brown's car.

PRESENTLY an ambulance removed Mrs. Clements, and the others followed in Dr. Brown's car. Dr. Holmes joined them in the sickroom, where he remarked to Dr. Brown:

"In view of the epileptic form of the attacks described by Dr. Clements, what about a dose of morphine?"

But Dr. Brown ruled against this, and passed the word to the matron, Mrs. Bledwen Baxendale, that under no circumstances was morphine to be administered.

"What do you think it is?" Dr. Holmes asked.

Dr. Brown shrugged.

"Looks to me," Dr. Holmes volunteered, "like a cerebral tumor."

And presently Amy Victoria Clements breathed her last.

Dr. Holmes, who was to certify the cause of death, suggested a post-mortem. When Dr. Clements demurred, Dr. Holmes said he would find it difficult to sign a certificate unless he could verify his diagnosis—cerebral tumor.

"Very well," Dr. Clements replied. "Let us have Dr. Houston."

Dr. Holmes phoned Dr. James Montague Houston, brilliant, sensitive 39-year-old research specialist whose father and Clements' father had been close associates in Ulster. Dr. Houston began his examination at 8:30 that evening.

However, he could find no evidence whatever of a brain disorder, so Dr. Holmes asked him to carry the examination further. Dr. Houston therefore removed the vital organs and repaired to the laboratory at the Southport General Infirmary, where he remained at work until 2 a. m.

Meanwhile, Dr. Clements interrupted his sorrowful duties to take two friends, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Millward, to dinner at the Roundtree cafe.

On Wednesday, May 28, Dr. Holmes phoned Dr. Houston the first thing in the morning. Dr. Houston said he had found evidence of anemia and that an associate had agreed with his opinion. Dr. Holmes accordingly certified the cause of death as myeloid leukemia, a form of anemia.

That evening two police officers visited Dr. Houston and questioned him about the post-mortem. Among other things, they asked him if he had known that Mrs. Clements' eye pupils had contracted to the size of pin points. He replied: "I had no such information."

After the officers left, Dr. Houston all but wept as he told his wife that he had made "a terrible error in judgment."

Then Dr. Holmes called to ask if the vital organs had been destroyed. Dr. Houston replied that, since the diagnosis had been established, the specimens had (as customary) been deposited in the hospital incinerator.

"Poisoning is suspected," Dr. Holmes told him.

"Oh God!" Houston moaned. "This is a terrible thing! I have made a mistake! I never suspected poisoning!"

Mrs. Louise Houston, the devoted wife, mother of two young children, tried to console him but he kept crying out in an agony of mind, "I have erred in my judgment! I have erred!"

FINALLY she prevailed upon him to go see the West Lancaster coroner, Cornelius Bolton.

"Why are you making inquiries into the death of Mrs. Clements?" Dr. Houston asked.

"I'm afraid all I can tell you, Doctor," Bolton replied, "is that this is a matter which concerns me only. I have certain reports which must be investigated."

The following day, May 29, Dr. W. H. Grace, Home Office pathologist, launched an official post-mortem at the Duke st. mortuary.

Meanwhile, Mr. and Mrs. Millward tried to put the Clements flat into some sort of order, with the help of the doctor's 22-year-old son, George, who had come over from Belfast for the funeral on Friday morning. While Dr. Clements was away meeting his arriving brother, Ernest, they removed 11 sacks of rubbish from the rooms. This stuff included 100 empty or partially empty medicine bottles scattered about the bedroom.

That evening they all had dinner at the Stella Maris hotel.

"I'm going to need someone to look after the flat," Dr. Clements told Millward. "For God's sake, get me somebody who can cook!"

When they returned at 7:30, Mary Keefe, housekeeper of the apartment downstairs, called Dr. Clements to the door and told him he was to telephone Detective Sergeant Jim Thompson at the Southport headquarters.

"What does he want?" Dr. Clements demanded.

"You know better than I do," rejoined Mary Keefe.

He went to the phone and in a few minutes reported to his guests that the police wanted him to "go up to the mortuary to identify Vee's body."

A police car came for him, and delivered him back. He looked mildly ruffled.

"There is going to be an inquest tomorrow at 10 o'clock," he said, "so I shall have to attend the coroner's court. I'm sure it will take only a few minutes, and then we will go on with the funeral."

The guests left a few minutes later.

Before going to bed, Dr. Clements made a notation in his red and gold diary:

"Police rang up and came and brought me to identify Vee at the morgue. What is it all about?"

Dr. Brown, learning that the funeral would be postponed, telephoned Dr. Houston on Friday, May 30. He said that he had suspected morphine poisoning, because of the pin point condition of the patient's eyes.

"I wish to God I had known about that," Dr. Houston said, obviously still tormented. "I never suspected poisoning!"

"It was a delicate situation," Dr. Brown said.

"But the vital organs have been cremated!"

"I know," said Dr. Brown. "But let's hope for the best. With the help of the latest discoveries in micro-chemistry, I have an idea the thing will work out very well."

UNDERTAKER Joseph Harold Dennison phoned Dr. Clements to say that he would meet him at the flat at 9:30 and accompany him to the inquest.

"Don't come at 9:30," said the doctor. "Make it 9:45."

Dennison arrived at 9:40 and found Dr. Clements, clothed in his pajamas, lying unconscious on his bed. He had Cheyne-Stokes respiration, and his eyes were mere pin points.

Two articles on a bed table attracted Dennison's attention before he shouted the news to the doctor's son. One was a hypodermic syringe. The other was a note, addressed to Ernest and George, which contained the statement:

"I cannot stand this diabolical insult to me."

He died at the Southport Infirmary at 10:15 as mourners gathered at Christ Church on Lord st., unaware that there would be no services there that day, and no burial in Birkdale Cemetery.

• • •

On the morning of June 2, when police officers visited Southport infirmary, they found Dr. Houston—useful citizen, brilliant scientist, devoted husband and father—dead in a chair in the laboratory. Within sight of 10 colleagues he had swallowed the contents of a glass containing 300 times the lethal dose of sodium cyanide.

A note to Coroner Bolton, found in a pocket of his white laboratory coat, read:

"I have for some time been aware that I have been making too many errors of judgment and have not profited by experience. One just follows another."

SO there were three deaths in that extraordinary week. On June 24 a triple inquest opened before the coroner and a jury of seven men and two women. After hearing the testimony, including expert accounts on how micro-chemistry had been applied in this investigation, the jury decided:

1. That Dr. Clements had murdered Amy Victoria Clements with morphine.

2. That he had taken his own life with morphine.

3. That Dr. Houston had committed suicide while of an unsound mind.

It was considered likely that Dr. Clements had slain all his wives, for one or more motives, and possibly his first father-in-law, who had been a faithful but steadily failing patient. It was believed, further, that Dr. Clements deliberately fabricated the reports of his wife's ups and downs during the months before her death, knowing that the diary might serve him well as an alibi.

After the jury had announced its verdicts, Coroner Bolton said:

"I want to deal with the post-mortem on Mrs. Clements, performed by Dr. Houston and arranged by Dr. Holmes. I cannot imagine why this should have taken place without my authority. To say the least, it was very disturbing.

"I am well aware that in certain cases private post-mortems are carried out and that no reference is made to the coroner. But the law is quite clear with regard to deaths that ought to be reported. They are violent or unnatural deaths, due to accident or injury, drugs or poison—and, in addition, deaths the cause of which is unknown.

"Dr. Holmes admitted he was not certain of the cause of death. Therefore the issue is clear. He had a duty as a medical attendant of Mrs. Clements, a duty to the state, to report the matter either to myself or my officers.

"He had no further responsibilities. From that time onwards it was my responsibility.

"I feel that if this case had been reported to me, justice would have been better served."

Robert George Clements might have been spared for the gallows and James Montague Houston for humanity.

Next week Peter Levins will tell another story from the Album of Famous Mysteries.

Illustrated by WILLIAM RANDALL

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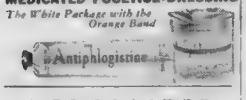


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Directions for "Home Dry Cleaning Tips" in This Issue.

# Delinquent Dobbin

IT'S a horse on Evesham, all right, and his name is Percy.

The English town, on the banks of the river Avon, is divided into two camps on the subject of Percy, whose equine capers have cost the municipality a pretty penny.

It all comes of Percy's love of sandwiches — the good, old garden variety of picnic fare.

Evesham's notorious nag draws the town's ash wagon. When off duty, he is turned out to graze in the meadowland along the river. There Percy won the notice of kindly picnickers. As they munched their sandwiches they would offer titbits to Percy.

Now, any proper horse will reject meat, but Percy—a victim, no doubt of the generally disordered state of things in Europe—grew to like it. Indeed, he came to dote on sandwiches. He began to beg for them, to nuzzle folks' pockets and lunch baskets.

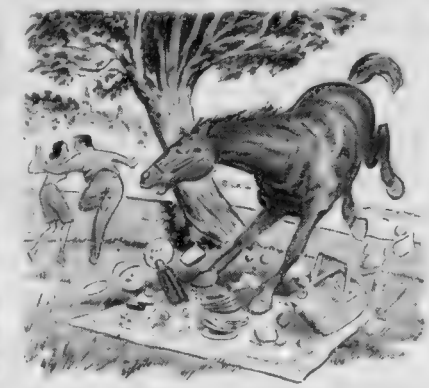
Finally, he developed such an appetite for the picnic staple that he went too far. Once a gentle, unassuming beast of burden, he got to horsing around so much that he landed in the law courts.

Richard Delaney of Saltley, Birmingham, complained to Judge T. W. Langman that he was fishing on the Avon shore when Percy, nostrils wildly distended, appeared on the scene. Startled, Delaney picked up his lunch basket and ran, but not fast enough. Percy bowled him over and devoured the lunch. Delaney asked $300 damages, alleging that he was so seriously hurt that five stitches had to be taken in his scalp.

Witnesses said it was not the first time that Percy had misconducted himself. One testified he saw Percy push another fisherman into the river in order to get at his refreshments. A woman said that while she, her husband and children were picnicking she observed the horse chase a young couple along the bank and eat their sandwiches. She covered her own lunch, which she had spread on the ground, with a coat, but Percy galloped up and ate through the coat to the irresistible sandwiches and gobbled them up, too.

The town's lawyer and other citizens pleaded that Percy intended no harm, that he was only having fun, feeling his sandwiches, so to speak. Judge Langman held that five stitches in the head are no fun and ordered the mayor and corporation of Evesham to pay Mr. Delaney $180 for his injuries and loss of two weeks' work.

Picnicking, after having been abandoned, even by Percy's champions, has been resumed on the Avon banks with safety assured for human beings and their lunches. Percy continues to graze by the riverside but behind a fence so high that he cannot jump over it.



*The Sandwich-Stealing Horse Finally Became Such a Menace to Picnickers That He Had to Be Penned Up Behind a High Fence.*

## Tougher Winters Ahead?

MAN is top-dog in the world of today, but he doesn't know everything. One thing he doesn't know is why hundreds of polar bears are flocking down from the frozen Arctic into warmer climates inhabited by man.

First news of the flight of the shaggy, white monsters came from Sweden, where the Commissioner for Lapland reported vast alarm among the reindeer-driving nomad Lapps because of an unprecedented invasion of bears.

Polar bears, Commissioner Olaf Andersson was informed, are roaming the lichen-covered hills near Lake Sitasjaure and other mountain lakes in northern Sweden, where such animals had rarely been seen for several generations.

Sharpshooter soldiers were sent to the area, but that step, Stockholm admits, is only a partial answer. What scientists want to know is: what caused the bears to leave home?

Many weather experts have predicted that a long cycle of warm, mild winters is nearing its end and that the world must face a new cycle of stern, cold, old-fashioned winters such as our grandfathers talk about.

Is it a warning from Mother Nature — transmitted through instincts no longer active in man—that sent the white bears hundreds of miles from their habitat?

Swedish scientists wish they knew the answer.

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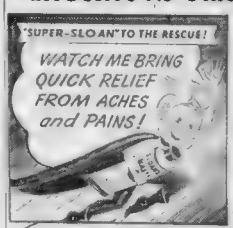

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# WATCH TROUBLE?

**Common cause of many repair bills now overcome by new mainspring**

If your watch is in and out of the repair shop frequently, chances are you're having mainspring trouble. Mainsprings are a common source of watch repairs. For the finest steel mainsprings possible to make often "set"—lose part of their watch-running power. Or, weakened by rust, they break.

But now the Elgin Watch Company has developed an amazing new mainspring. This miracle mainspring—DuraPower*—*eliminates 99% of repairs due to steel mainspring failures.* It retains its "springiness" indefinitely, gives lasting accuracy. It is absolutely proof against rust. And a tiny pin point of rust is the commonest cause of mainspring breakage.

Now to Elgin's star-timed accuracy, DuraPower Mainsprings add a *permanency* of timekeeping performance never before possible in any watch. Only Elgin watches including Lord and Lady Elgins and Elgin De Luxe have the DuraPower Mainspring, and at no extra cost. Look for the symbol "dp" on the dial. Also available for replacement in many previous Elgin models.

*Patent Pending

# Happy 'Funeral'

DEPUTY Sheriff Adolph Johnson stared in angry disbelief one night recently at the sight of lights twinkling from a timber cutter's cabin in northern Minnesota.

"Some human skunks are too mean to live!" he exclaimed. "Here it's the night before Al Eastman's funeral, and some ghoul is robbing Al's cabin. Lucky I came along."

Loosening his gun, he stole forward to arrest what he thought would be the lowest culprit ever laid by the heels in St. Louis County. As he paused before a lighted window, a voice suddenly boomed near by:

"Howdy, Sheriff! Mighty nice of you to drop in."

Johnson wheeled, too startled to draw his gun.

A sturdy, familiar figure strode out of the shadows.

"Why, Al Eastman," the deputy gasped. "It can't be you—you're dead! You were drowned in Rainy Lake. Three of your pals identified your body. They were darned sorry to lose you."

"First I knew about it," chuckled the apparition. "Honest, I haven't been drowned in Rainy Lake or anywhere else. I feel real good and alive. Pinch my arm and see, Sheriff."

Johnson decided this wouldn't be necessary. He'd never heard of a ghost speaking in such hearty tones.

"But your family will be here for your funeral tomorrow," he said. "Your brother and both your sisters are coming."

"I'll be glad to see them," replied Eastman. "We haven't had a reunion in 11 years."

A long and sorrowful journey for the woodsman's kin ended in surprise rejoicing when they arrived at the little town of Orr to find a beaming Al waiting to greet them. They feasted, swapped news about other relatives and friends, and shook hands with various friends of Eastman who also were celebrating his seeming return from the dead. Authorities began a new effort to identify the drowned victim.

"Best time I've had in years," cried one of Al's sisters, when the time came to say good-by.

Eastman was not the first "corpse" to discover that burial plans had been made for him prematurely.

Several years ago Clert Ankon, an officer of the Norwegian Navy, returned to his home town in Botsia and found most of the community gathered in the cemetery. Edging forward, he saw his own wife—in widow's weeds—weeping beside a grave into which earth already was being shoveled.

Clert stepped forward, while astonished mourners screamed or made the sign of the cross. When the confusion subsided, Clert was able to explain everything. He had been reported killed in a naval battle and the body of another officer closely resembling him had been sent to his home for burial. His "widow" was a happy wife that day.

*The Lumberjack's "Funeral" Turned Out to Be a Happy Reunion With His Sisters and His Brother, the First Time They'd Been Together for 14 Years.*

## Can Animals Talk?

THE various branches of the Animal Kingdom may lack an alphabet, but their cries, whines, barks and chirping do transmit basic messages—such as alarm, challenges and love calls, to their kind.

Dr. Henry Carpenter of State College, Pa., recently studied the lively and voluble inhabitants of an African monkey jungle, and recorded the noises made by a band of apes. He was particularly impressed by the defiant chorus they set up in driving away a trespassing "foreigner."

One day, while the apes were feeding, Dr. Carpenter turned this record on.

At the first canned cries of alarm the apes massed to fight what they thought was a large tribe of invaders. They were puzzled when the enemy failed to charge and began searching the trees and bushes.

When they discovered the phonograph they lost all interest in the strange noises.

Another scientist studied a pre-migration convention of crows and reported that these smart birds have a "vocabulary" of cries, capable of a remarkable number of meanings.

It was this savant's conclusion that crows can count—up to four, and he was convinced that the birds have caws that mean "one man," "two men," "three men" and "four men."

Make the Lovely Crocheted Sunburst Sweater Shown in the Pattern Feature in This Issue.

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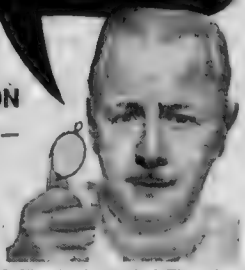

**REASON FOR YOUR MANY COLDS**—may be *resistance* is low. You may not get enough *natural* A&D Vitamins in your food. That often happens. As a result, your bodies can't fight off colds so well.

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**MANY DOCTORS RECOMMEND SCOTT'S BECAUSE:** 1. Rich in *natural* A&D Vitamins and energy-building natural oil, *powerful* nourishment. 2. *Easy to take, economical* 3. *Four times easier to digest* than plain cod liver oil, *exclusive process.* 4. Helps children build strong bones, sound teeth, a sturdy frame. *Today—sure—buy good tasting Scott's at your drug store.*

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# That Campbell-MacDonald Feud

WHEN the bagpipes began to skirl "The Campbells Are Coming"—the most famous of all Scottish Highlander tunes early in the 18th century, the coming of the Campbells had augured bloodshed and disaster for centuries.

A dozen other clans clashed with the Campbells to their sorrow, but the MacDonalds were the favorite foes.

The Campbell-MacDonald enmity, which has been carried on for approximately 1,000 years, is probably the oldest feud extant. Even today many a MacDonald would rather not shake hands with a Campbell, and the hackles rise just as instinctively along the Campbell spines at the sight of a MacDonald.

Some of the background and considerable of the foreground of this ancient rivalry are outlined in a recent book* by Glenn H. Campbell, an Iowa-born descendant of the clan.

Glenn Campbell traces the family back to Dermaid O'Dwibhne, who led his wild highlanders against invading Norwegians about 900 A.D. One of Dermaid's great-grandsons went to Normandy, married the heiress of Campus-bellus and gave the clan its name.

In the southwest highlands, where the Campbells gradually expanded their holdings by sudden raids and wise marriages, the MacDonalds already had established themselves.

They viewed the Campbells as interlopers and made that impression clear with glaive and claymore. There were constant skirmishes, but the Campbells won no major victory until they threw in their lot with Robert Bruce, who captured the Castle of Dunstaffnage in 1308 and gave it to Sir Archibald Campbell.

From then on the Campbells allied themselves with the Stewarts, who provided Scotland and England with a long succession of kings.

The family picked up a good deal of Stewart blood by intermarriage, and helped along the path to the throne, since most historians agree the Campbells were among the best political connivers in Scotland.

When the leader of the Douglas faction took refuge with the MacDonalds in 1459, James II asked the Campbells to handle the situation. They did.

On one occasion, when the MacDonalds refused to turn over lands that had been granted to the Campbells, contingents of the two families drew up for a pitched battle near Kilmaroneg. The two leaders withdrew to one side to discuss the situation, leaving word to start no trouble unless a signal was given.

THEY reached an amicable settlement and started back toward their followers. A snake crossed their path and both drew their swords to kill it, whereupon the waiting clansmen fell on one another with murderous results.

*One Bloody Battle Between the Warring Clans Was Started by a Snake.*

At no time during the stormy centuries did anything like peace descend on the Campbell : MacDonald country, but the bloodletting of the 1600s was the worst. After a Royalist army under Alexander MacDonald had cut a 40-mile swath through the Campbell territory, the Earl of Montrose rallied the traditional Campbell enemies.

They gathered quickly in 1644—and for a year the Campbells were hunted like wild dogs. Only the hardiest and wiliest survived.

A couple of years later a pro-Campbell force captured the castle atop Dunaverty Rock, and tossed 300 MacDonalds over the 95-foot cliff into the sea.

GLENCOE is a name few MacDonalds have forgotten. In 1691 King William proclaimed an amnesty for all who would take his oath of allegiance before the end of the next year. MacIan, head of the MacDonalds of Glencoe, was a few days late. A force of Campbells was ordered into the district to "keep peace."

For eleven days they waited. Then at 5 o'clock one morning, they attacked.

Thirty MacDonald men, four women and several children were killed. Others perished in a flight through the mountains. Everything of value was taken and the rest burned.

Author Campbell reprints an order which he says the leader of the contingent had received the night before, threatening retaliation by the King unless every MacDonald under 70 were put to the sword the next morning. "The hearts of the Campbells softened," he says, or the slaughter would have been much worse.

In the United States today there are 94 Mac (or Mc) Donalds for every 100,000 persons, but on the same basis there are 166 Campbells.

*"The Campbells Are Coming," published by Dodd, Mead


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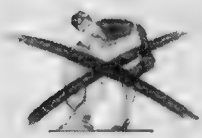

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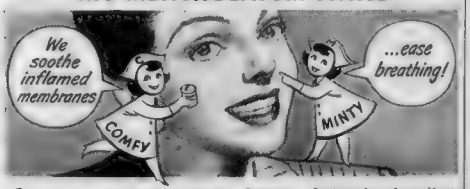
# HEAD COLD?

## that's a job for "Comfy" and "Minty" the MENTHOLATUM TWINS

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# Letters to the Editor

YOUR series of articles entitled "The Destiny of Man" was a rather unique and effective way of telling people how to live. I have started a folder on psychology and have added your series to my collection

**Peter S. Piazza,**
***Pittsburgh, Pa.***

• • •

Would you please send me six copies of your "My Faith" booklets? These will be passed out to six groups of Alcoholics Anonymous in this vicinity. I believe they will be a great help in working out the spiritual side of our program.

**B—— M——,**
**Corresponding Sec'y**
**Alcoholics Anonymous,**
***Reno, Nevada.***

(Reader B. M. has been sent the six copies requested. Ed.)

• • •

Florence Weston recently wrote that she has read The American Weekly since 1937. I can beat that record; I first started reading your magazine in 1921. The articles I most appreciate are those on the wonders of nature, such as your recent stories on the black widow spider and hummingbirds. I also enjoy your "Dignity of Labor" series, about the heroes and heroines who do things beyond the call of their duties.

**Mrs. Adele Kungle,**
***Chicago, Ill.***

(Can any of our readers top Mrs. Kungie's 26-year record?—Ed.)

• • •

I take this opportunity to tell you I enjoy reading your magazine immensely, and so do all my English-reading friends to whom I lend it.

I have a brother in Montpelier, Vermont, and every time he writes me that another bundle of American Weeklys is on the way, it makes me very happy, because all your articles have proved to be so interesting and educational.

**Susie Comi,**
***Milan, Italy.***

• • •

I should like very much to obtain your "Eat and Grow Thin" diet. Would you please send me a copy?

**Mrs. Helen E. Malyk, R.N.,**
**County Public Health Nurse,**
***Jefferson, Ohio.***

(Nurse Malyk has been sent a copy of the diet. Ed.)

• • •

A few weeks ago I noticed your story about my late grandmother's first cousin, Clara Ward. My grandmother's name was Alice Ward, and her uncle was Eben Ward, Clara's father.

In contrast to Clara, my grandmother's life wasn't a round of parties and dances. She married early and had 11 children, six of whom are still living.

I thought it would be nice to let you know that your story reached many people peculiarly interested in it.

**Mrs. Herbert Dougan,**
***Downey, Calif.***

**Letters to the Editor may be addressed to The American Weekly, 235 E. 45th Street, New York 17, N. Y.**


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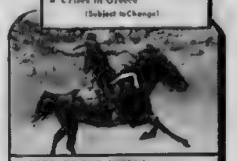

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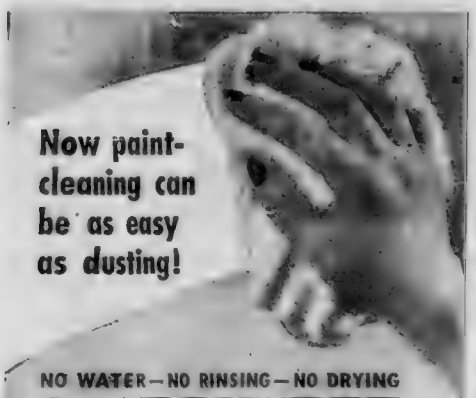

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NEW TYPE Cleanser for False Teeth


# Teen-Age Tempest

## A Good Word for Frats

By URSULA THOW

LAST week we heard from those who think fraternities and sororities are undemocratic and detrimental to school spirit, and who condemned hazing as physical cruelty. Today, we're going to hear the other side of the story.

**Charlcie Mangold** of San Antonio, Tex., says frats and sororities are swell because they promote brotherhood and sisterhood.

**E. W.** of Buffalo, N. Y. does not agree with the mother in Utica who brands hazing as Nazi concentration camp tactics. She asks, "Did the prisoners in the Nazi camps have a chance to decline being tortured?"

"Those who speak against sororities and frats don't give them credit for the good they do," writes **Beverly Lane** of San Francisco. "My sorority has staged several bazaars and raffles and turned the money over to the cancer fund."

**Benj. H. Dudley, Jr.** at Sigma Nu House, Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., writes, "When you sleep, eat and study with a group of fellows, you learn how to get along with people and you find many friends ready to help you."

**Wayne Starr** of East Palestine, Ohio, is of the opinion that anyone who is at all likable can get into a fraternity.

"Ratting (or hazing) really did me good," says **Joe Sullivan** of Los Angeles, and even if he "had to take some pretty stiff orders from kids" his own age, he'd do it again.

**Peggy White** of Miami, Fla., likes sororities because she can pick her friends and as her mother always said, "You're known by the company you keep."

**Albert Caccavo** of the Bronx, N. Y., and **Minnie McNeal** of Philadelphia consider frats and sororities character builders.

**R. M. D.** at the University of New Hampshire is in favor of fraternities, especially those whose candidates must maintain a certain scholastic average to get in.

***Several Defenders of Sororities Deny That These School Clubs Are Snobbish. These Girls Insist That, as Members, They Learned to Be Democratic and Tolerant.***

"Why don't those people who feel like outcasts because they don't belong to Greek letter societies form their own clubs?" asks **Lewis M. Armistead** of Biloxi, Miss.

**Marion Nippa** of Detroit does not consider sororities snobbish. "When they give parties or dances, tickets are sold to anyone who wishes to attend the affairs."

**Edward Weber** and **Milton Flack** of the Delta Nu fraternity at the University of California refute the idea that frats are undemocratic. "Our fraternity is completely democratic," they say. "It is non-sectarian and accepts as a member anyone permitted on campus by the University. Hazing is not permitted and there is no class distinction. Our membership is drawn from all financial levels."

"Fraternities are not snobbish or anti-social," writes **Suzi Teague** of Walla Walla, Wash. "As a matter of fact they are careful to stress that their members be friendly and co-operative with everyone be he fraternal or independent. One of the first things a good pledge learns is tolerance."

**What do you people who do not like fraternal societies think of these opinions? Get your letters in to the Teen-Age Editor, The American Weekly, 63 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y.**

## Does Mother Know Best?

CATHERINE BURRELL, 17, of Putney, Ga., wants your advice on her beau problem. She says, "My mother doesn't like any of the boys I bring home. During the last year I have met five boys, and not one does she like. She said she liked the first one, then she changed her mind.

"I dropped him and brought home a second boy, but she didn't like him, either. The third one she sent away, too. The fourth came over one day, and after seeing him only once my mother decided she didn't like him, either.

"The fifth is very nice, I think, and I like him very much. If I have to give him up, too, I'll be very unhappy.

"What should I do? Should I keep going out with this boy or drop him and pick someone that my mother likes?"

Any suggestions on this problem, teeners?


OTHERS HAVE BEEN HELPED—

*Why don't* YOU *investigate also?*

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Stop Scratching

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Serious infection is often caused by digging at or scratching itching skin. For quick soothing relief from itching caused by eczema, pimples, factory itch, athlete's foot, dermatitis and other itch troubles use Dr. Dennis' formula—cooling, medicated, liquid D.D.D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Trial bottle, 35c. The first application positively checks that cruel, burning itch, or your money back. Don't suffer! Ask your druggist today for—

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Homemade Candy Recipes Are Listed on Household Almanac Page.

# MILLIONS ACCLAIM HEINZ SOUPS

## SENSATIONAL DEMAND FOR OLD-TIME, HOMESPUN SOUPS ACCOMPANIES NATIONWIDE SAMPLING PROGRAM

Women enjoy new flavor thrill as many taste Heinz Soups for first time — others rediscover old favorites

**MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE**

Compare Heinz Soups with any other brand — and if you don't agree that Heinz are the finest you've ever enjoyed, your money will gladly be refunded.

Millions of families all across America are discovering the rich, satisfying goodness of Heinz Soups! In a nationwide sampling campaign, housewives are serving their family's favorite Heinz Soups—and winning tremendous praise! For these soups are made from the finest vegetables, poultry and dairy products on the market. If you've never tasted Heinz Soups—or couldn't buy them as often as you wanted during the war—try your favorites now on our money-back guarantee!

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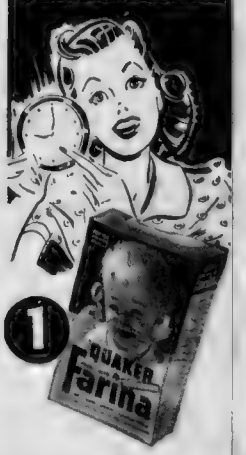
Two Time-Savers FOR MOTHER!

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QUAKER ENRICHED FARINA


# PASS *the* Candy

# Household Almanac

— Amy Alden

*Cereal Marshmallow Trees and Rolls Are Easy to Shape and Good to Eat.*

THE days are here again when you can treat your family to homemade candy.

When you start a batch of creamy luscious fudge you should feel leisurely, for it is gentle boiling and easy stirring that gives it a creamy texture. Caramel drops will take a beating just until the gloss leaves the mixture. That is the minute to spoon the caramel onto the ready walnut halves.

A plate of nut brittle always disappears quickly, and seems to be a favorite of the men in the household. It is a candy you stir just enough to mix and no more, also take care to remove the crystals from the sides of the dish so it will not sugar.

The candy that needs patience and time to make is Marzipan — but it is worth the effort, for not only do the miniature fruits lend color to your after dinner candy dish but they give that professional look to any homemade candy.

### Cereal Marshmallow Squares

¼ cup butter or margarine
½ pound marshmallows
½ teaspoon vanilla
1 pkge oven-popped rice cereal

Cook butter and marshmallows over hot water until thick and syrupy. Add vanilla; beat thoroughly. Put cereal in large greased bowl and pour on marshmallow mixture, stirring briskly. Press into greased shallow pan. Cut into squares when cool.

### Chocolate Fudge

2 cups granulated sugar
1 cup milk
½ tsp. salt
2 sq. (2 oz.) unsweetened chocolate
2 tbsps. white corn syrup
2 tbsps. butter or margarine
½ tsp. vanilla flavoring

Combine first 5 ingredients in a saucepan over low heat, stirring constantly until the sugar is dissolved. Cook gently, stirring from the bottom occasionally, to 238° F. or until a little dropped in cold water forms a soft ball. Remove from heat, drop in the butter but do not stir; set aside to cool without stirring, to 110° F. or until lukewarm. Then add vanilla, and beat with a spoon or an electric beater at medium speed until the mixture loses its gloss and a small amount dropped from a spoon holds its shape. Then turn into a greased pan. Cool and cut into squares. Makes 1¼ lbs; ½ cup broken nuts may be added just before turning into pan.

### Caramel Drops

3¾ cups sugar
1 cup milk
¼ tsp. salt
½ cup light cream
2 tbsps. butter or margarine
1 tsp. vanilla flavoring
1½ cups walnut halves

Boil 3 cups of the sugar with the milk and salt for 3 min., then add the cream. Meanwhile, melt the remaining ¾ cup of granulated sugar in a skillet until a golden brown syrup. Add gradually to the milk mixture while stirring. Cook to 238° F. or until a little dropped in cold water forms a soft ball. Remove from the heat, drop in the butter, but do not stir in, and let cool to 110° F., or until lukewarm. Add vanilla, then beat with a spoon or an electric beater at medium speed until the mixture loses its gloss, and a small amount dropped from a spoon mounds. Drop from a spoon over walnut halves arranged in groups of two on waxed paper. Makes 30.

### Nut Brittle

2 cups granulated sugar
1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
½ cup white corn syrup
½ cup water
½ tsp. baking soda
Pinch salt
¼ cup butter or margarine
1¼ cups walnuts, peanuts, Brazil nuts, pecans or blanched almonds, cut in small pieces

Combine the sugars, corn syrup, and water in a saucepan. Cook until sugar is dissolved, then continue cooking, without stirring, to 300° F. or until a little dropped in cold water becomes very brittle. Remove sugar crystals from sides of saucepan with a wet piece of cheesecloth wrapped around the tines of a fork. Then remove from heat, add soda, salt, and butter, stir only enough to mix. Too much stirring will cause the mixture to sugar. Then add the nut meats, and turn into a greased pan about 12"x8"x1". Do not scrape the saucepan. After a minute or so, take hold of the candy at the edges, lift it from the pan, lay it on a greased surface and pull it until quite thin. When cold, break up. Makes about 1½ lbs.

### Marzipan

1 lb. blanched almonds
1 lb. sugar
1 cup water
½ cup orange juice
1 cup almond paste
3 cups confectioners' sugar
2 tbsps. lemon juice
1 egg white

Grind almonds in meat chopper using finest cutter. Run them through 3 or 4 times until very fine. Cook sugar and water to 240° F. Mix with chopped almonds. Add orange juice. Stir until creamy, turn onto a slab dusted with confectioners' sugar, let stand until cool. Pack in clean air-tight containers, store in cool, dry place at least one week.

Combine this paste with the remaining ingredients. Mix well and shape with fingers to represent miniature apples, peaches, strawberries, vegetables, etc. Brush with vegetable coloring or, if fruit is to be colored all over (apples, berries, etc.), prepare small dish of coloring and dip Marzipan in it, holding pieces on toothpick. Drain on cake rack. Use cloves for stems. Crystallize. Dip potatoes in sugar and cocoa mixed (do not crystallize). Makes 2 lbs.

### To Crystallize

The brilliant air-tight coating adds to the appearance and keeping qualities of Marzipan. Cook 5 lbs. sugar with 2½ cups water to 223° F. Do not stir after sugar is dissolved. Remove from fire very gently and let stand undisturbed until perfectly cold. Place candies to be crystallized in a pan in even rows. Pour the cold syrup carefully over the candies with as little agitation as possible. The syrup must completely cover the candy. Allow to stand for 8 hrs.; pour into a sieve, draining off all of the syrup. Place Marzipan on wire rack to dry.

### Black and White Candy

½ pared medium potato
2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
½ lb. shredded coconut
2 sq. (2 oz.) unsweetened chocolate

Boil potato until tender, then drain. Dry slightly by shaking over heat. Then mash (do not add milk or seasonings). Next add sugar and coconut. Beat well with spoon. Turn into buttered 8"x8"x2" pan. Cool, spread with melted chocolate. Cool, cut in squares.

Amy Alden may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

### SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

**ALMANAC RECIPES**

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- (61) Famous Recipes
- (62) New England Recipes
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- (67) Waffles Tonight
- (68) Eggs for Every Meal
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- (70) Casserole Recipes
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- (72) Favorite Mexican Recipes
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- (78) Favorite Almanac Cakes
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- (101) Luncheon Fillers
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# How to make Peach Cream Pie!

## ...it's so easy with Canned Cling Peaches

Easy Recipe

### Peach Cream Pie

*Recipe by Mary Blake, director, Carnation Home Service Department*

**⅓ cup sugar**
**⅓ cup flour**
**¼ teaspoon salt**
**1 tall can Carnation Milk, undiluted, scalded**
**2 eggs**
**1 teaspoon vanilla or almond extract**
**1 9-inch baked pastry shell**
**1½ cups sliced canned cling peaches**

Mix sugar, flour and salt; slowly add Carnation Milk. Cook in double boiler until thick, stirring constantly. Add small amount of hot mixture to slightly beaten eggs; stir into remaining mixture; cook 4 minutes. Add extract. Cool. Place layer of drained cling peach slices in bottom of pastry shell; pour filling over peaches. Arrange remaining peach slices clockwise on top. Chill. Garnish as desired. Serves 6 to 8. **Important:** When buying peaches check the label carefully. Make sure you get "clings"... the plump, tender, *new-crop* beauties from California's sun-drenched valleys.

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### New Crop's In!

*Sweeter, better this year!*

**Your grocer** has these famous California sun-ripened canned cling peaches in dainty slices or plump halves. Also a variety of sizes and syrups for any purpose or budget.

And what luscious beauties they are! So useful! So convenient! A superb dessert spooned right from the can. An easy way to make showy salads, desserts, meat garnishes. Even main dishes! Try **Harvest Casserole:** Combine canned cling peach slices with mashed sweet potatoes, salt, Carnation Milk, and nutmeg in oiled casserole. Cover with graham cracker crumbs. Bake in moderate oven 25 minutes.

Check the label - Choose your favorite brand of

# Canned Cling Peaches from California

**Canned Halves • Canned Slices • Canned Fruit Cocktail in tin or glass**

Here's the safe, easy way

TO CLEAN YOUR SINK FAST!

Why struggle for a sparkle? Bon Ami cleans without grit. Actually polishes as it cleans. No scratches to dull the shiny "new" look of bathtubs and sinks. No hard scrubbing to loosen stubborn grime. No harmful grit or caustics to roughen your pretty hands. That's because Bon Ami is different—it's fast, easy, safe!

Bon Ami

"hasn't scratched yet!"


# The Epicure

## TAMALE PIE

By JOHN P. MARQUAND

MY WIFE, in spite of her preoccupations with a hectic married life, found time a short while ago to discover from some friends, during our stay at a ranch in Colorado, a Mexican dish called Tamale Pie.

We have tried the dish on a number of our friends and most of them are very enthusiastic about it.

This is the way Mrs. Marquand prepares the Tamale Pie:

1 can tamales (6 tamales)
1 boiled chicken cut into rather large slices
¾ cup Parmesan cheese
½ cup tomato paste
1 cup canned corn
2 tablespoons granulated sugar
2 tablespoons olive oil
½ cup seeded raisins
10 ripe olives cut in strips
Salt and pepper to taste

Mix everything except the tamales in a Mexican pottery baking dish, or pyrex baking dish. Then add the six tamales, arranged like the spokes of a wheel.

Place a little of the mixture on top of the spokes, and, if you desire, top the dish with more cheese.

Parmesan cheese is preferred, but any gratable yellow cheese will do. Then bake in a moderate oven for 45 minutes. Serves 6.

Start the meal off with avocado cocktail, and for a surprise touch serve Mexican coffee.

*John P. Marquand, Pulitzer Prize Winner, Is One of the Nation's Foremost Fiction Writers. A Former Boston Newspaper Reporter and Advertising Copywriter, He Has Written Numerous Best-Sellers.*

### Avocado Cocktail

1 avocado, peeled, diced
1 apple, diced
1 cup of seedless grapes, halved
½ cup tomato catsup
3 tbsps. cream

Chill fruit and dice just before serving. Mix cream and catsup, spoon over fruit mixture. Makes from 4 to 6 glasses.

### Mexican Coffee

Prepare three cups of coffee and three cups of hot chocolate in the usual way. Add coffee to chocolate and beat to a froth. Mexicans use a special beater made of wooden disks on a stick which they twirl between both palms.

Top each cup with whipped cream. Serves six.


CRANBERRIES for Thanksgiving

The children will be wide-eyed at these plump little "cranberry turkeys." (So will the grown-ups.) They're easy as 1-2-3.

(1) *Cut slices of Ocean Spray Jellied Cranberry Sauce.*
(2) *Using the turkey cutter, snip a turkey from each slice.*
(3) *Crush left-over bits of sauce and use them on breakfast toast.*

READY TO SERVE

SEND TODAY FOR YOUR CRANBERRY TURKEY CUTTER

10c and 1 Ocean Spray label brings you this Plastic Turkey Cutter designed exclusively for Ocean Spray. Send coin only . . . no stamps, please. Write to: Ocean Spray, Dept. A11, Hanson, Massachusetts.

NAME _____ (PLEASE PRINT)
STREET _____
CITY and STATE _____


# Holiday News

3887—Flattery plus! A swallowtail peplum to round your hips gracefully, scallops and a back interest bow. All these on an easy-to-sew two piecer. Sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 42. Size 16 takes 3⅝ yards of 39-inch material.

3782—A darling rag doll with a 7-piece wardrobe of her own, in the latest style. Make it for gifts for all the children you know. Pattern for dolls 18, 20, 22 inches. For individual yardages, see pattern.

3121—Something new . . . a crocheted sunburst sweater done in just single and double crochet throughout. Lovely, for yourself and for gifts. Pattern has directions in sizes 12 to 14, and 16-18.

Price of each pattern 20 CENTS (in coins). Print plainly SIZES, STYLE NUMBERS, NAME, ADDRESS. Send orders to: THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, Pattern Department, Box 306, Station F, Brooklyn 20, N. Y.

Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.


AWAY WITH discomfort of
• SICK HEADACHE
• ACID INDIGESTION
• CONSTIPATION

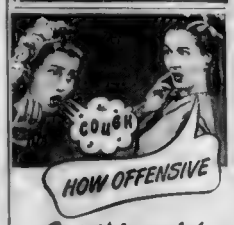
Be Bright! Feel Right! TAKE ENO

Chase away that jittery, headachy feeling often following too much eating and drinking! Simply take sparkling Eno at bedtime. Eno *quickly* helps neutralize excess stomach acid . . . eases upset "full feeling" overnight.—*When you wake*, take Eno as a *speedy*, gentle laxative. Caution: use only as directed.

EFFECTIVE DOUBLE ACTION!

1. ANTACID—relieves sour stomach, gas and heartburn promptly.
2. LAXATIVE—quickly relieves temporary sluggishness. Take before breakfast, when needed.

TASTES GOOD!




HOW OFFENSIVE

Get this quick 3-WAY RELIEF!

Offensive cough due to colds, smoking? Get this prescription-type formula of proven cough-relief ingredients long used by doctors. Gives fast, long-lasting relief 3 important ways

1. Eases throat tickle
2. Soothes raw, irritated membranes
3. Helps loosen phlegm

Delicious. Safe. Let children enjoy freely America's favorite for 100 years. STILL ONLY 5¢

Proves Wonderful For Itching Skin!

To promptly soothe itching burning of Eczema, Skin Rashes, Pimples and similar surface skin and scalp irritations—apply Zemo. This Doctor's highly medicated invisible liquid is backed by amazing record of *continuous* success. Zemo ALSO aids healing. Greaseless! Stainless! For stubborn cases use *Extra Strength*. ZEMO

Chapped Skin
Fever Blisters
Raw, Red Nose
due to Colds

WHEN you're miserable from itching, smarting soreness of such externally caused skin irritation, try soothing, medicated Resinol for fast relief.

Enjoy the many uses of this tested ointment that helps thousands. Sample free. Resinol X-111, Balto. 1, Md.

RESINOL

After 25 beware of DRY SKIN

ACT PROMPTLY TO ARREST IT —with the right care

FROM ABOUT 25 ON, the natural oil that keeps skin soft gradually decreases. Even before 40, a woman may lose as much as 20% of this oil.

*Get replacement help* from lanolin, the oil most like natural skin oil, with Pond's *lanolin-rich* Dry Skin Cream.

3 features give *special* softening aid: rich in lanolin; homogenized—to soak in better; has special emulsifier.

**2-Point Softening Care . . .**

***Lanolin-Soften by Night***—Work lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream well over face, throat. Leave 5 to 15 minutes, or *all* night.

***Lanolin-Protect by Day***—Pond's Dry Skin Cream before make-up gives a protective screen against dryness.

Start now! *See* your skin respond to this lanolin-rich cream.

●

**FREE**—*For a sample of this rich in lanolin, homogenized Pond's Dry Skin Cream, send name and address to Pond's, Dept. 150-DD, Clinton, Connecticut.*



WORKS OVERNIGHT to help clear up externally caused "HICKIES"

For prompt relief apply Cuticura Ointment at night, after cleansing with Cuticura Soap. Scientifically medicated. Used by many doctors, nurses, certain hospitals. For FREE Ointment sample, write Cuticura, Dept. A-191, Malden 48, Mass.



JIT-JIT JITTERY NERVES

Try MILES NERVINE

When your nerves occasionally get-Jit-Jit-Jittery try Miles NERVINE. Use only as directed. All drug stores —two forms—Liquid Nervine or Effervescent Tablets.



What is Your Skin Trouble?

If externally-caused pimples, eczema, or other minor skin irritations are making you miserable and embarrassed, try this 10-Day Test. Apply clean, pleasant-scented MERCIREX (*mercy-rex*) Ointment every day according to directions in package. Mercirex is medicated with SIX active ingredients that help soothe itching, smarting pimples and bumps, help correct dryness, prevent local infection. Flesh-tinted, stainless. Can be used any time. Money back if not satisfied after 10 days. Ointment, 60¢; Mercirex Soap, 25¢. Mercirex Shampoo, 50¢. At druggstores.

MERCIREX FOR THE SKIN

OINTMENT • SOAP • SHAMPOO


Want to Make Something New? A Crocheted Sunburst Sweater Done in Just Single and Double Crochet Throughout. The Pattern Feature in This Issue Tells How You Can Make It.

# Exercises FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

By Sally Young

1. Perfect your posture while you work, also take inches off waistline and thighs by picking things up properly. Bend knees deeply and rise slowly, keeping your spine in a straight line from behind your ears. Takes no extra time but works wonders.

2. Bed making can be beauty making and help slim the waistline. Stand at center of bed. Don't move feet at all! Tuck sheets in by s-t-r-e-t-c-h-i-n-g, pulling ribs away from hips. Open windows wide and inhale, exhale, too.

3. The vacuum cleaner is fine for rugs — also for strengthening chest and abdomen muscles. Hold chest high and back straight as a rod. Your middle should be perfectly flat, knees relaxed and slightly bent. Any body bending should come from the hips.

4. Feet bother you? Remove shoes, place book on floor between feet. Place outside edge of feet on the floor along edge of book. Grip front of book with toes. Separate knees as far as possible without losing toe grip. Relax and repeat.

5. Stretch for beauty whenever possible — while dusting, hanging clothes, putting dishes away. Make each stretch count. Work with rhythm and swift clean strokes. Feel the pull in your waistline. Feel, too, how much peppier you are doing these proper, better balanced body movements.

6. Beauty rest. Take the special beauty angle suggested by the director of a famous New York beauty school. Lie on the floor, hips resting on two pillows, feet up on a chair. Fifteen minutes like this and you're rested and relaxed.

Sally Young may be addressed at The American Weekly, Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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**BEAUTY**

- ☐ (1) Skin Care
- ☐ (2) Teen-Age Beauty Guide
- ☐ (3) Care of Precious Eyes
- ☐ (4) How to Trim Your Figure
- ☐ (5) A Guide to Shapely Legs
- ☐ (6) For Beautiful Hair
- ☐ (7) Hand Care
- ☐ (8) 7-Day Diet
- ☐ (9) Lose or Gain by Exercise
- ☐ (10) Banish Superfluous Hair
- ☐ (11) Face, Throat and Neck Massage


YOU'RE AS OLD AS YOUR THROAT LINE

15 MINUTES A DAY BRINGS AMAZING NEW LOVELINESS TO THROAT AND CHIN!

Now, today, thousands of happy women are giving thanks —because they discovered this amazing, new way to loveliness of throat and chin.

Sagging throats, double chins caused by unexercised muscles and neglect begin to vanish under the gentle action of this marvelous Model Chin Strap. Fat and flabbiness are smoothed away by its gentle action.

**New Beauty Based on a Great Natural Principal**

Actually there's no magic in the Model way except the marvelous, thrilling magic of nature. That sagging chin, those rolls of fat are there because of loose muscles, sluggish circulation, and tissues that have grown weak from lack of exercise.

The Model way is Nature's way to beauty. Just use this wonderful Model Chin Strap according to directions, massaging with any throat cream. The natural movements of your chin and neck do the rest. Muscles obtain the exercise they need; circulation is stimulated. Soon you should notice a vast improvement. In a matter of weeks you can expect new loveliness.

Make up your mind that you will put up with that double chin, those sagging cheek and throat muscles no longer. Now, in the privacy of your own bedroom, just 15 minutes a day and this amazing Model Chin Strap can begin to win you back the loveliness of throat and chin that used to be yours.

**A Lovelier Profile or Your Money Back!**

The Model Chin Strap is built on scientific principles to conform with known anatomical and physiological laws. It is perfectly comfortable to wear. Gradually, but so quickly that you will be astonished, its gentle action will begin to smooth away the ravages caused by time and modern conditions of living.

Fill in the coupon below now. Take this definite step toward new beauty today. The Model Chin Strap will come to you in a plain wrapper. On arrival pay postman $1.50 plus postage. If cash accompanies order, we pay postage. Your money back if not satisfied after 7 days trial. Rush coupon today.

*Illustrations posed by a professional model.

MODEL COMPANY, Dept. 25
36 South State Street, Chicago 3, Illinois
Please send me a MODEL CHIN STRAP. I'll pay postman $1.50 plus postage. If I am not satisfied after 7 days, I'll return it for refund of my purchase price. (If you send cash we pay postage.)

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....



"Bolero Check-Mates"

2-PIECE DRESS

$5.95

COLORS: Black & W with Red Velve Brown & I with Green Vel Green & Brown with Green Velveteen

Check this little number for double-duty and double-beauty! Its smartly styled cap sleeve dress is fashioned of checked rayon, with contrasting velveteen bodice. Has widely flaring full gathered skirt and self-material tie belt. Separate bolero jacket with matching velveteen kerchief in pocket. Sizes 9 to 17.

SEND NO MONEY!

DIXIE SHOPS . . . 275 Seventh Ave., New York 1, N. Y. . . . Dept. AM—11

Send me the "Bolero Check-Mates" Dress. On arrival I'll pay the postman $5.95 plus postage. NAME (Print)

Size—9 ☐ 11 ☐ 13 ☐ 15 ☐ 17 ☐ ADDRESS

1st color choice

2nd color choice CITY STATE

MONEY BACK GUARANTEED IF RETURNED IN 10 DAYS.

1 WASHES WHITE CLOTHES WHITER THAN BRAND NEW*
2 WASHABLE COLORS LOOK BRIGHTER THAN BRAND NEW*
Rinso
NEW! AMAZING! CONTAINS SOLIUM THE "SUNLIGHT" INGREDIENT

# NEW Rinso CONTAINS SOLIUM

## —the marvelous "Sunlight" Ingredient!

Get ready for the *surprise* of your life. Imagine! New *Rinso with* Solium, the marvelous "*sunlight*" ingredient, actually washes white *things* whiter *than brand new*...makes *washable* colors look brighter *than brand new!*

You'*ll see clothes* that have been yellowed *or dulled* by many washings with ordinary soaps regain amazing new whiteness and brightness! What's more, you'll see this astounding difference *no matter* how hard the water. And New Rinso makes heaps of soapy-rich suds that are *so safe for clothes . . . so kind to hands!*

Try New Rinso containing Solium, the "sunlight" ingredient, today. Once you've used this wonderful New Rinso, you'll agree it makes all other washday soaps seem out-of-date. Yes, the results will amaze you!

**★ No other soap in the world can make these claims . . . No other soap contains Solium!**

**SO SAFE FOR CLOTHES...SO KIND TO HANDS**

*New Rinso is another fine product of Lever Brothers Company*

WORKS FINE
BECAUSE IT'S ASPIRIN AT ITS BEST
Reliable St. Joseph Aspirin always works the same to bring headache relief, because its top quality is maintained year after year. Keep this great pain reliever handy. Bottle of 100 only 40c.
St. Joseph ASPIRIN 12 TABLETS STILL ONLY 10¢

QUICK!
Late for a date... darn that spot!... quick the Mufti bottle! Mufti gives you not 1, but 4 tested cleaning ingredients... cleans so many spots from so many fabrics—in a jiffy!
NOT 1 BUT 4
MUFTI SPOT CLEANER
MUFTI SPOT REMOVER

BACKACHE?
• Do you know the *proved* way to relieve the stabbing, nagging pains of muscular backache?
• Doctors have made tests with hundreds of people. Found that nearly 9 out of 10 gained relief with Johnson's Back Plaster—the one product made specifically for relieving ordinary backache.
• *What it is:* This adhesive plaster contains a mild medication that stirs up circulation.
• *How it helps you:* The plaster brings the healing and warming blood to the sore spot. Tense muscles relax and the pain eases. The warming pad guards against chilling, supports twitching muscles, cuts down those jabs of pain.
• Made by Johnson & Johnson—known for fine surgical dressings for 60 years. Keep several Johnson's Back Plasters on hand and save days of agony. At all drug stores.

BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR ... AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER
● Now, at home, you can quickly tint telltale gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Approved by thousands—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless when used as directed. No skin test needed. The principal coloring agent is a purely vegetable derivative with iron and copper salts added for fast action. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch, as new gray appears. Easy to prove on a test lock of your hair. 75c at druggists. Get Brownatone now, or
Write for FREE TEST BOTTLE
Mention natural color of your hair. Send a post card today—Brownatone, Dept. 39-N Covington, Kentucky.

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# Home Dry Cleaning Tips

By Doris Denison

SOME fabrics lose character when cared for in the usual soap and water manner. So, if you have struggled to reshape a washed rayon crepe during the ironing, cheer up, the same garments retain their shape and require little pressing after home dry cleaning. Shrinkage is eliminated, sizings are not disturbed, and color fast dyes retain their fresh clear tones. Pleats, shirrings and even the fashionable new drapery will hold the original lines.

### General Directions

Study all directions on the container of dry cleaning fluid, but before starting in follow these preliminary steps; they will pay big dividends:

1—Remove plastic or jewel buttons and buckles, also leather belts as they may give up dye or glue.

2—Shoulder pads should also be removed. They lose their style if saturated too often, and require a longer period of time than the rest of the dress for the fluid to evaporate. In removing trimmings, leave threads as "markers" to make replacement easy.

3—If you intend to lengthen the garment or make other alterations, open the necessary hem or seams so that the old lines will be removed in the cleaning.

Use two basins each containing enough fluid to saturate the article. Dip and gently squeeze the garment, allowing the fluid to flush through the fabric. Rub extra soiled areas gently. Rinse thoroughly in the second basin of cleaning fluid, squeeze excess fluid from garment, then hang on a firm hanger in an airy place to dry.

Never press or wear any garment until it is completely dry. This will take anywhere from 48 to 72 hours, depending on the weight of the fabric and atmospheric conditions at the time.

Roll knitted fabrics, sweaters or jerseys, before blocking or hanging, to avoid any stretching of open lace-like stitches.

### Hats and Berets

Ever wonder if you could clean a felt hat yourself? You can, and it's not difficult. So round up your husband's chapeaux and a couple of your own and do them this way:

1—Remove any trimming that may contain glue or poor dye (leather, flowers, and feathers). It is not necessary to remove ribbon band if it is fast color.

2—Brush carefully to remove loose dirt.

3—With a circular motion and small brush, thoroughly clean hat in first basin of cleaning fluid. Start at top of crown and work down around sides.

4—Rinse in fresh fluid, and blot between turkish towels.

5—Reshape, stuff with turkish towels, and place on hat stand to dry.

### Trimmings

IT ISN'T necessary to clean hair ribbons and small trimmings one at a time. Try the trick of placing them all in a quart jar covered with a sufficient amount of cleaner. Shake the jar well, rinse with fresh cleaner, and dry well.

### Large Pieces

Rugs, furniture coverings and automobile upholstery should be given regular attention.

1—Brush or vacuum to remove gritty particles.

2—Dip brush in cleaning fluid, shake off excess, and work evenly over surface, following weave if possible.

3—Wipe with a soft towel dampened in the cleaning fluid.

4—Keep the stuffing as dry as possible.

Doris Denison may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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**HOUSEHOLD**

- ☐ (21) Electric Equipment Care
- ☐ (22) Easy Laundering
- ☐ (23) Sewing for the Nursery
- ☐ (24) How to Braid a Rag Rug
- ☐ (25) It's Fun to Redecorate
- ☐ (26) Streamline Closets
- ☐ (27) Make Your Own Rugs
- ☐ (28) Dressing Table Covers
- ☐ (29) Dining Room Leaflets
- ☐ (30) Sew Right
- ☐ (31) How to Make Lampshades

ADVERTISEMENT

food tips
AND OTHER TIMELY HINTS
BY Betty Crocker

*Minneapolis—Nov. 1.* Here are delicious, thrifty recipes that make good eating all winter. My General Mills staff believe they'll soon be family favorites.

*How to beat high food prices*

You'll save money each time you serve this tempting, nutritious meal. And your family will leave the table really satisfied, with very little meat indeed.

*Cabbage Patch Soup*
*Long John Sandwiches*
*Pickles* *Carrot Strips*
*Spicy Apple Dumplings*
*Milk* *Coffee*

CABBAGE PATCH SOUP—Until you taste this hearty main-dish soup, you can't imagine how savory, how satisfying it is! Serve big bowls of it. Only 10 minutes to prepare.

For 3 min. boil uncovered in 4 cups boiling water: 3 cups chopped cabbage, ¼ cup diced onion, 1 tsp. salt. Stir in slowly 1 pkg. "Betty Crocker Split Pea Soup Ingredients." Boil 5 min. longer, stirring constantly. Add 1 can condensed tomato soup, ⅛ tsp. pepper. Reheat. Serves 6 to 8.

*A still easier soup,* of course, is made just by adding water to our Pea Soup Ingredients and cooking 5 minutes. You'll be delighted with the hickory-smoked flavor of our Green Split Pea Soup! Do try it *soon.* With prices so high, it's good to know of nourishing foods like this that are less expensive.

LONG JOHN SANDWICHES—Satisfying, nutritious . . . with a new, *different* flavor. Mix cream cheese with chopped dried beef, chopped chives and celery. Fill hot buttered wiener rolls generously.

TAKE A BOW with these warm, fragrant Apple Dumplings! Recipe specially developed to make the most of Gold Medal's wonderful baking qualities. So for best results, you'll want to use Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested Flour."

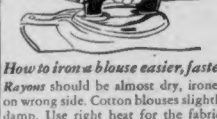
SPICY APPLE DUMPLINGS

*Pastry for 6 dumplings*
Sift together.....2½ cups sifted Gold Medal Flour
¾ tsp. salt
Cut in with pastry blender or 2 knives.....¾ cup shortening. First cut in half of it until mixture looks like "meal." Cut in rest until size of giant peas.
Sprinkle over mixture.....5 tbsp. water
Mix till dough clings together. Round up into ball. Let stand few m
dough ⅛-in. thick on lightly floured board. Cut in six 7-in. squares.
Pare and core 6 medium-sized tart, juicy apples. Place an apple square of pastry. Fill cavities of apples with mixture of ½ cup sugar, cinnamon. Dot with 1 tbsp. butter. Moisten points of pastry square, bring opposite points up over apple, overlapping them. Seal well. Place 2-in. apart in 9x13x2-in. baking pan. Syrups Boil together for 3 min. 1 cup sugar, 4 tbsp. butter, ¼ tsp. cinnamon, 2 cups water. Pour hot syrup around dumplings in baking pan. Bake at once 40 to 45 min. in hot oven (425°).

IT'S UP TO MOTHER! *We mean, starting everyone off with a nourishing breakfast. Then it's far easier for the youngsters to shine at school . . . the grown-ups at work.*

Why not serve Apples Royal Purple? And big bowls of Wheaties—crisp, toasted whole wheat flakes—with plenty of milk. Wheaties are flakes of 100% whole wheat, you know. Provide food energy, three B vitamins. Proteins and valuable minerals. Good for you. Wonderfully good-tasting, too! Light, crisp. And ready-to-eat. Include Wheaties on the breakfast menu *often.*

*Apples Royal Purple:* Measure into saucepan 1 cup hot water, ¼ cup grape juice, ⅓ cup sugar. Add 8 cored apples. Fill centers with grape jelly. Cover tightly. Simmer until tender (7-12 min.), turning once during cooking. When finished, turn in hot syrup to glaze. Serve warm.



*How to iron a blouse easier, faster*

*Rayons* should be almost dry, ironed on wrong side. Cotton blouses slightly damp. Use right heat for the fabric. That's easy with Fabric Selector on General Mills Tru-Heat Iron. Just set dial.

*Sleeves first.* Begin with cuffs and gathers. Avoid sharp creases at outside. The smoothly tapered heel of our Tru-Heat Iron lets you *back* into fussy corners without turning iron. No danger of scorching either.

*Collar next.* To avoid wrinkles, iron from points to center of collar. Now iron fronts and back. Done so fast! Tru-Heat covers more at every stroke. For better, faster ironing, do try the General Mills Tru-Heat Iron *soon.*

Betty Crocker of General Mills

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For the best Brown Gravy You Ever Tasted
GRAVY MASTER
makes gravy as you like it
EVERY BOTTLE SHOWS HOW

# *Take it from Santa...*

# Parker "51" is the world's most wanted gift pen

Today, Parker 51's are fairly plentiful at dealers' stores. But Christmas is approaching fast. To wait a day—a week—may change the picture. So many are seeking them eagerly—and early.

Last Christmas, 3 out of every 4 who sought this pen had to do without. To avoid disappointment, select your "51" at once.

No other writing instrument is so desired as the Parker "51". (77 surveys in 29 countries proclaim it the world's most-wanted pen.)

Here is beauty and balance born of high precision craftsmanship. Choose from a wide range of points—individualized to suit every type of handwriting. Each starts instantly—glides tirelessly—without a skip or falter.

Parker "51" now comes in a variety of exciting gift colors. $12.50 and $15.00. Pencils, $5.00 and $7.50. Parker "51" Sets, $17.50 to $80.00. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin and Toronto, Canada.

**NEW! Parker Superchrome Ink**

**FOR THE PARKER "51" ONLY**

Wholly different—created by leading scientists. Super-brilliant—super-permanent—"dries as it writes!" 5 tropic-bright colors. Year's supply, 4 ounces . . . only 50 cents.

*"51 writes dry with wet ink!"*

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